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## [1]

Post nightmares in this thread.

>browsing /x/  
>read about that smile.dog  
>don't think much about it  
>sleeping later that night  
>having a very vivid dream  
>at a campground in Scandinavia with my friends and some random huge metalhead guy who resembles nathan explosion  
>joggers and couples out walking on a trail near the campground  
>everyone who walks by gives us looks of disgust  
>I randomly begin digging around a decaying tree stump  
>giant earth worms the size of a python squirming around in the tree stump  
>metalhead guy becomes worried, says we have to go  
>begin walking along a road near a farmers field  
>I try keeping up with my friends but start becoming slow and sluggish  
>I get scared and start looking around me  
>the tree stump I was rummaging around in earlier is behind me  
>smile dog walks out from behind it  
>become paralyzed, try running and screaming to no effect  
>smile dog just staring at me  
>jolt back awake screaming

Sounds stupid as hell but I was legitimately terrified, this was also the first and only time I've had sleep paralysis.

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## [2]

>in a large abandoned factory complex  
>sky outside is red and stormy(was similar to a blow-out from the stalker games)  
>something was roaming around looking for me, I could hear its inhuman screams on the floors below me  
>terrified, I curl up into a ball in a corner  
>wake up

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### [3]

This dream wasn't scary in the typical sense--it was just so disturbing.

Essentially, I was in an alternate reality. My family and I lived somewhere else. People who claimed to be my friends I had never met before. In general, things were more futuristic. In the dream, I ended up running away from home and in vain trying to figure out how to get back to the reality I knew.

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### [4]

Has anybody ever had dreams from their childhood and thought they were reality, only to find out later they were just dreams?

I remember going on a fieldtrip with my kindergarten teacher, we went out to the badlands to pick wild strawberries, later on I realized that a fieldtrip to a random field hours away to pick strawberries made no sense. Another dream I had was of a house on the outskirts of the city that was perpetually under construction, my parents would tell me that one day we would live there, I thought that house was actually real for the longest

time.

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## [5]

I have recurring zombie dreams, usually with the location being high up in an unfinished building.

Theres usually other people around, and the responsibility I feel for their wellbeing is what crushes me.

Practicing lucidity has helped, as these dreams are so frequent I wake up into the dreams quite fast.

One dream has stuck with me though.

- >Visiting non-existent friends of my family
- >Feeling fine, nice weather, vivid colors and music seeping through it all
- >Talking to people I (dont) know
- >Lots of kids around too, running around playfully
- >The mood changes with the sun setting, chills creeping into it all
- >The voices, birds chirping, music, colors, they all change into stress, worry
- >Screams. Lots of screams. Everyone is converging on the kitchen area. Me with them
- >This black kid of 13-14 years is holding a knife to the throat of a younger boy
- >Theres no adults around. I feel compelled to act
- >Take a step forward. The kids eyes lock into mine, and he slits the young boys throat

The realness of it all really shook me.

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## [6]

Oh my god, I remember when I first read smile dog. It was in sophomore year, and I hadn't been sleeping a lot, but when I finally went down

- >in war torn country
- >men all covered in blood
- >I look around frightened
- > sergeant starts reciting some weird prayer
- >other soldiers join in
- >they assimilate
- >Smile dog starts phasing in similar to when you lose at Slender

- >suddenly wake up in cold sweat
- >Don't go back to sleep

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## [7]

This was my most recent nightmare

- >hanging out with my friends at my buddies basement
- >were drinking and having a good time
- >there's this one guy who's new to our group but everyone loves him
- >Everyone starts talking about me and focusing their attention at me
- >start getting creeped out
- >everyone starts making out in front of me, the situation is quickly turning into an orgy
- >being the beta fag that I am I get sad because no girls like me
- >they ask me to join
- >I nervously approach some chick and start making out with her
- >all of a sudden everyone is surrounding us and watching
- >I stop and ask what they're doing
- >they grab me and force me down
- >tell me they're all part of a cult and have recently become

cannibals

>the new guy who everyone loves was responsible for converting them

>they tell me about how they're gonna eat me

>I'm crying and pleading with them to stop

>they tell me I could've joined them but its too late for that

>cant remember past that point

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## [8]

I had a dream I went to a dairy queen that had no tables or chairs. My mom went to order ice cream (since I was about 5) and I turned around to face the door.

There was a chest to the right of it. I opened it and pulled out a very old yo-yo. I had never played with a yo-yo before that, only seen other kids with them. I asked my mom a few months later where the yo-yo was. She said I didn't have any, but I told her I got it from the chest. She just looked at me confused and I realized it was a dream.

More nightmarish, I had a dream I was in my elementary school (for the sake of scenery, picture yours), and I just walked out of class for no reason. The teacher wasn't saying anything, she just stared at the white board. I walked to the bathroom and stared in the mirror, seeing a different kid but having the mindset that the kid was me. I look at the wall with the paper towel dispenser on it and the lights go out, to which I hear screaming and screaming and screaming. If blood-curdling fit these screams, then I still have never experienced the same affect. Lights go back on, and the exit is gone, and three claw marks are on the wall. Blood drips from them. I turn around and a creature similar to the Rake hobbles at me in an unnatural and disturbing way. Its eyes are burned into my brain, for it keeps staring blankly at me. It gets too close to be real, almost like it was floating up and going directly for my eyes.

12 years later I read about The Rake, and the nightmare occurs

for the following week. I still have issues looking at the picture.

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## [9]

The last nightmare I had, I was visiting my mother up in Oklahoma.

Anyways, I dreamt that I was in her bedroom talking to her for some reason, and then my uncle came in and we chatted it up for a minute about familial news. Next thing, he hands me a shotgun for some reason and walks away. I turn to ask him what it was for, but the bedroom somehow changed into a long hallway with a couch on the end. It's really creepy and I can see my uncle with his head in his hands. I call out his name and he slowly lifts his head to reveal some weird transformed version of him. He retained his body and hair, but where his eyes and mouth were was just darkness. I'm paralyzed as I hear a screech emit and he begins a mad dash towards me. I raise the shotgun to shoot and then I wake up.

Was really weird. I woke up on my mom's couch with some shotgun peripheral for her Wii lays on the coffee table. I hopped out of the living room and go into the kitchen to make breakfast.

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## [10]

this is the closest I got

I hardly ever actually have dreams except for when I'm in a really deep sleep

>walking around in my back yard in the night

>weird deer animals walking in circles around me

>suddenly I'm in my old childhood house but there are a ton of Victorian style rooms added

>say "I want to move into this one" in the dream  
>then I go downstairs to take a piss (still in the dream)  
>start pissing

This is where I woke up covered in piss for the first time in my life. I guess that's sort of like a nightmare.

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## [11]

Had this "nightmare" this morning

>I decide to go out of the house to take a ride with the bike  
>noone out there  
>no cars, no planes, no people, no noises  
>drive around with my bike, a little bit freaked out  
>huge explosion, I know that it's an atomic bomb, one second later there is just light, I'm practically blind  
>"Am I dreaming or is this real?"  
>"wait for three seconds after the nuclear explosion, get thrown around by impact  
>"I'm not dreaming. So this is it. My life sucked"  
>impact getting stronger  
>I die

I can not explain this, but the nuclear explosion was so real. I had like 3 atomic bomb dreams before that, but they always were like just huge explosions, not really like an atomic bomb.

This time it seemed to be 100% real, I felt screwed up for 1 hour when I was waking up

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## [12]

My boyfriend had these nightmares for years, ever since he

was a little boy, back when he was living at his parents house

>Wake up in bed

>Door would be cracked open, from his room you could see the staircase

>He would be compelled to go down the stairs, even after years he would know what would happen, he couldn't stop himself

>Going down the stairs felt like hours, only get more anxious, knowing something bad was down there

>He'd get to the living room, a figure would be in the living room

>He'd be paralyzed with fear

>He said he just knew it was a witch, it would slowly turn to him, it was this all black figure, he couldn't see it very well, but it's eyes were these bright glowing ice blue that just pierced him

>It wouldn't touch the ground, just float a few inches

>Slowly float toward him, he would see his families dead bodies on the floor, mouths open like they'd been screaming

>He couldn't move until it got really close, then would crawl in slow motion to get away from it

>But it would always catch him and he'd wake up gasping for air

Sometimes the dream would change, over the years he could move faster and faster, and if he got into the kitchen a bright light would fill the room and he'd won. He doesn't have those dreams anymore but is happy to be out of that house, since he was sure it was haunted, and we have both experienced scary stuff there.

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## [13]

I had this awful one when I was a little girl, still scares me if I wake up in the middle of the night.

>Be about 7

>Wake up in the middle of the night, calmly, no real reason,

facing my window

- >Suddenly feel very anxious and afraid to move
- >Turn over to my back
- >A man is standing over me
- >I can't even describe it to do it justice, he was just so terrifying
  - >Is smiling down at me, his smile is so huge and unnatural
  - >Eyes are huge, and are so bright even though my room is dark
    - >He's so tall, and even though he's standing straight it looks like he's bending over me
    - >I just stare up in silence, and his smile gets wider
    - >Scream as loud as I possibly can, bolt from bed and out the door, my parents room is right across the hall
    - >Shriek "DADDYYYYYYYYYYYY!!!!" and dive bomb into their bed and scare the crap out of them
    - >Scream, "There's a man in my room Daddy! I saw him!"
    - >Daddy goes into room, no one is there, tears through the house to find anyone while grabbing my baby siblings
    - >Only conclusion is that it must have been a nightmare
    - >Dog always sleeps in my bed after that

I must have woken myself up screaming and not realized it.

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## [14]

My little sister had this dream when she was like six

- >she and me and all my cousins are playing in the church field across the street from my house
  - >there has always been this shrine to Mary over there with a big six foot tall statue inside
    - >in this dream the statue came to life and looked exactly like one of my cousins
    - >comes over and tells us his name is sunshine
    - >he asks to play with us
    - >all my cousins agree

>immediately the statue turns into E.T and starts killing my cousins one by one

>she runs back to my house

>E.T busts down the door and comes inside

I remember always laughing when she told me this

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## [15]

>Living in my normal neighbourhood

>for some reason there is a big football (american) place with a stadium around it

>there are tons of people on it, having a good time with their familys

>I'm there too with my family

>for some reason I do know that the bombs will be dropped, try to warn my family

>they are annoyed but in the end they agree to leave

>we arrive home

>I know that it will happen, stay outside of the home looking in the direction of the stadium

>my father and my mother get out of the house, ready to drive away with the car

>two huge explosions, not really realistic when looking back but I knew that they were nuclear explosions

>we are screaming, sister is not getting out

>the whole neighbourhood is burning down, no real impact, just everything burning down and everything is looking red (dream-logic)

>I decide to run inside, to find my sister

>see my parents starting to burn outside

>wake up

The first was just screwed up, no real logic there. But the second and the third were true nightmares.

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## [16]

> wake up and go take a shower how I normally start any day  
>go to bus stop to go to school  
>bus is full of people  
>I get on and sit by the door in the middle  
>turn around and every one is gone  
>look to the front and every one is gone  
>start walking to school  
>any time some one leaves my FoV they disappear  
>get to school every single person is standing next to the main building  
>they turn and all say goodbye and walk around the corner  
>Then I'm all alone but I can still hear normal sounds at my school  
>Wake up  
at this point I go to my room mate and ask him if I could just talk with him,I have this nightmare at least once a week.

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## [17]

I once had a nightmare that my parents bought a couple of these creepy clown puppets and put them around the house. They had these smiling faces and were hung from the ceiling, and their bodies were very long, almost touching the floor, and their eyes always followed you. They thought they were funny and liked them, so I just tried to ignore them.

Open the door to my room and there's one hanging right in the doorway, I push past it and yell at my parents for doing that, since they know it hate them, they laugh hysterically and say they didn't put it there. I look up the stairs and there's more of them hanging than before.

I start to get scared and ask my parents what's going on, but they're watching the TV with my baby sisters and laughing while eating popcorn, ignoring me. Every time I turn around there's more of puppets, I back away and scream as I hit one from behind, turn around, there's a ton of them in the dining room, they've completely filled it. I turn to my family and they're gone, there's only puppets hanging. I start to call out "Mommy? Daddy?" over and over.

I don't know what to do because every where I look there's more of them, the kitchen is empty so I run in there, and realize how stupid I am, bringing them with me and I need to get out of the house. I try to open the kitchen window but it's bolted shut, and when I look in the reflection the kitchen is filled with the puppets. The last thing I remember is turning around and screaming before waking up.

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## [18]

My dad had this dream when I was still a baby  
>dad is looking out of my bathroom window at the yard  
>we had a pretty long yard  
>there is a giant lion the size of an elephant back there near the treeline  
>dad is scared and wants to go over to my senile grandmas house to make sure she is ok  
>she lives one house away  
>starts walking over there but it turns out she has taken shelter in my neighbours house  
>dad walks in and is told by my neighbour to go downstairs and get the shotgun to kill the monster  
>gets downstairs and is loading up shotguns shells in the basement of my neighbours house  
>people are yelling upstairs "ITS GETTIN IN" like they are being mauled by the lion  
that's the end of the dream right

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## [19]

I'm not sure if this can be considered a nightmare, but anyway...

Sometimes when I'm about to have some interaction with people in my dreams (shake hands, hug), they turn into cardboard. Like manequim-ish people, but made of cardboard.

And sometimes, I wake up laughing. Laughing, and not screaming or sweating.

But laughing.

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## [20]

A light in the distance, that was all they saw. A flash in the darkness. And they went to it, for as it is said, if you build it they will come.. And come they did.... Their cold huddled dark ranks. Eyes filled with rage and malice, the large eyes... Dark and empty sockets. They were gathered because they were darkness, this light was all that they hated all that they will ever hate. They surround this star this beacon this happiness. And they consumed it, turning it into a realm of hatred and rage.. And then came their favorite part; the fear. They basked in its glory, it's splendor... And it would last, sometimes for mere minutes, sometimes for hours. As quickly as it appeared it disappeared. And then they left, returning to their dark place, waiting for the next light to spring into existence.

Elsewhere, a child awoke, screaming from the nightmare.. The nightmare that had started out as such a nice dream.

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## [21]

Had this one last night.

I layed in my bed and thought I had woken up. So I tried to move a little to get myself into comfortable sleeping position again. But I was unable to. Suddenly I had serious hallucinations, I saw some people or creatures (2-3) that I all didn't know. The whole situation (in my bedroom) was very creepy though because they looked scary and some floated around or were stuck in a door or a wall (wtf?). I tried with all my force to stand up and look around. I was unable to but suddenly I was out of my body (though I didn't see my own body in my bed). I tried to walk around a little but it was nearly impossible, as soon as I was farer away from my body an immense force tried to pull me back into my body.

I saw the window was open beside my bed and wanted to look out of it, it seemed all mysterious and foggy outside of it. Eventually I tried to jump out of it but then the force trying to pull me back into my body got intense and managed to pull me back into it. I was then back in my body with big panic, I thought my heart was gonna explode. Suddenly there was a very creepy little girl with a creepy face and black hair beside my bed, she seemed evil but also sad at the same time, suddenly I was not so much in panic anymore because the girl seemed so familiar. She took my arm and tried to pull me towards her. She then tried to pull me to the window but my body didnt move, it was heavy like a stone. eventually I woke up. It all looked the same except for the window, which wasn't open.

I then fell asleep again.

It was so horrifying because I thought it was real. Most realistic thing ever.

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## [22]

>In bed with boyfriend  
>I'm in a cemetery in the winter, it's very bright and white, I can't see anything in the distance  
  >Walking around, the weather is very nice and it's peaceful  
  >Suddenly hear a soft crying in the distance, but I can't identify the direction  
    >The weeping becomes more clear and loud, like it's close to me but I can't find it  
    >Looking around, suddenly see a figure and few feet away, in front of a grave, turned away from me  
      >She's in a winter coat, has long black hair  
      >She's crying and shivering, and rubbing her arms, I want to ask if she's alright but I can't speak  
      >She stops crying, slowly turns around  
      >She has the empty eyes of a skull, the rest of her face is normal  
      >Starts whimpering "I'm so cold, so cold." and rubbing her arms  
      >I can't move, can't speak  
      >She starts crying again "It's so cold" and her empty eyes are staring at me  
      >She starts shivering badly "I'm so cold...stop staring at me"  
      >I can't say anything, she starts to scream "STOP IT! STOP STARING AT ME! STOP!" in this horrible shrieking voice  
      >I can't look away, she's getting closer and screaming even worse, it's terrifying me  
      >Reaches out her hand towards my eye, it's only bone, "STOP LOOKING AT ME! STOP IT! I CAN'T TAKE IT!" I realize she's going to rip my eyes out  
      >Before she can my boyfriend wakes me up, shaking me and holding down my wrists

I guess I woke him up when I was talking in my sleep, saying "I'm sorry" and suddenly I was screaming "NO GET AWAY FROM ME! GET AWAY!" in this really horrible way, like I was going to die and he had my hands down because I was clutching at my eyes

and he was afraid I was going to hurt myself.

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## [23]

I got one. Some background story: I was living with my significant other in the high desert. This event took place not two hours before the nightmare: We had just come back from Walmart, and the SO was taking the dog for a walk. I was getting all of the stuff out of the trunk (2 trips are for pussies) when a black guy, wearing all black, just appeared and asked if I needed any help. I said no, the SO saw what was going on, and did the protective bit over me.

>Sleeping on my SO's bed, I was having a nightmare. In the dream, I was packing up all my stuff at my place, while having a screaming fight with my mom. She kept saying my SO was going to leave me. I kept yelling at her that he wasn't. In the dream I kept yelling louder, and louder, and louder.

> I was jolted awake by my SO jumping over me and saying he saw a lion above me. My SO said that I woke him up with my screaming.

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## [24]

>dream that I'm in a videogame

>creepy monsters

>one that was a giant lizard with no eyes and a very long tail

>one a little girl with long razors for fingers

>one a almost all black soldier

>ect

>objective of the game is to not die, pretty much.

>Every time you die, you respond in a even more terrifying place with worse monsters.

>I get surrounded by monsters, I pause game frantically.  
>a lot more monsters walk up to me and surround me, but  
can't touch me as I'm 'paused'  
>they whisper 'you can't stay paused forever.'

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## [25]

>zombie dream  
>I'm in a military squad  
>we're just sitting around my place screwing around waiting for  
orders or something  
>next thing I know there are civilians running around trying to  
seek shelter with us  
>runner zombies right on them  
>we start shooting the civilians and the zombies  
>milbros are just laughing  
>I'm shooting them too but reluctantly, can't risk infection  
>vividly remember a woman on her knees in front of me,  
covered in blood, begging me not to shoot her  
>I pop her right in the forehead  
>wake up in a cold sweat  
>don't care about the zombies, but killing innocent people  
made me feel like crap even though it wasn't real

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## [26]

>walking through a bunch of apartment complexes near my  
college  
>I look over my shoulder and see something watching me  
>looks like Cerberus but has human faces  
>one face is crying, another laughing, and the last is yelling  
>everywhere I go this thing is just sitting there watching me

This thing was always showing up in dreams for two months my freshman year.

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## [27]

- >be pretty young
- >not remember much, only darkness
- >suddenly see girl in white dress
- >see girl has no eyes
- >notice the sides of her dress are attached to her arms, creating bat like wings
- >girl is also covered in blood
- >girl starts flapping her arms as if to fly and opens her mouth
- >doesn't hear any sound but assume she's screeching or screaming
- >girl begins running around, still flapping her arms wildly
- >wake up in middle of all this
- >just stare into the darkness of my bedroom as reality slowly seeps into my mind
- >go right back asleep

I seriously have no idea wtf that dream was about or who that girl was or what she was, rather.

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## [28]

I've posted this before but

- >find myself in some underground ruins like something out of tomb raider
- >my parents are there and some girl that I don't know
- >they're sort of just standing around, waiting for rescue
- >I decide to look around a bit

>nothing in the ruins except a hallway  
>the girl tells me I shouldn't wander  
>I decide to explore the hallway  
>I enter the hall and suddenly there is a wall behind me, no turning back now  
>it's dark, suddenly I'm holding an oil lamp  
>barely lights anything but it's something at least  
>start walking down the hall  
>creepy lovecraftian paintings on the walls  
>makes me uncomfortable to look at them  
>try not to  
>keep walking  
>other side of the hall is another hall with three doors  
>they're all locked except one which is slightly ajar  
>I creep the door open and step inside  
>just an empty bedroom except for something on the far side  
>I start to approach  
>it's a person, someone huddled down rocking back and forth  
>I get a little closer  
>"Hello?"  
>the head snaps up and locks "eyes" with me  
>black voids where the eyes should be  
>teeth like that kid from dead birds  
>it snaps up  
>starts screaming and running towards me  
>I run like hell and try to slam the door behind me  
>the horrible wailing increases  
>I run back down the hall and hit the closed up wall  
>the figure runs past the hall still screaming, arms straight out  
>I wake up  
>never been so relieved  
>afraid to go back to sleep, afraid I might continue the dream

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## [29]

>I'm in this place

>kind of looks like the main base in Mass Effect  
>screw me for not remembering the name  
>a lot of people are there,  
some of my family too.  
>every day everyone is required to visit this room that looks  
like a lounge  
>there's this cult that gives out 7 cards to people every day  
>pretty much if you get this card you are sincerely screwed  
>you have to play a hungergames-saw mashup  
>I get the card one day and freak out  
>but I pretend I am part of the cult and give it to this lady  
>I feel really guilty but happy that I'm alive at the same time  
>everythings good for a while  
>grandpa gets card  
>tell him to pass it off  
>he says no, he has to do it  
>BEG him to pass it off  
>he says goodbye

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## [30]

>wake up on the floor  
>I see myself with a cut  
>goes outside  
>find out it's still morning  
>went to the park  
>big headache comes to me  
>back to house  
>sleep on bed  
>wake up  
>still morning  
>find some weird announcements in a rare language outside of  
my house

This is annoying me, everytime.

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## [31]

>8 or so years old  
>Go to bed  
>Wake up in this run-down house filled with red fog(?)  
>Look around frantically, confused  
>No idea what's going on  
>Hear a baby crying, start to search for it  
>Find a cradle  
>Look down  
>See this strange, demonic looking baby  
>Hear something behind me; turn around  
>Demonic figure smiling at me menacingly  
>For some reason, say "Where's grandma?"  
>Smile widens a bit as he says "we've taken her"  
>Randomly start hearing this weird sound out of no where  
calling my name (Anooon.....anoooon)  
>Wake up, sit straight up  
>"Anon"  
>It's my grandma  
>Asks me if I'm alright  
>Say yeah, go back to sleep  
>Next morning  
>Wake up, go to living room  
>Can see into kitchen, grandma is cleaning up  
>Throws away a popcorn bag  
>As it leaves her hand I can clearly see a red print on it from  
her thumb  
>burst into tears  
>Think everyone is secretly a demon in disguise for the next  
year

What the heck?

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## [32]

>being about 6 or five years old  
>dream I go out for walk in woods  
>find alien structure in ground  
>open structure by speaking in reverse  
>doors open and I walk down the stairs  
>enter pure square metal room  
>walls, floor and ceiling start to melt  
>try to swim but gets enveloped anyway  
>is black for about 30 seconds  
>hear voice say "SEE NOW," in loud booming tone  
>see room filled with dead animals and children  
>wake piss scared and screaming

you don't forget that kind of thing.

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## [33]

>4-5  
>had some sort if obsession with vacuum cleaners (get toy ones for birthdays and Christmas almost regularly)  
>go to bed  
>see grandma vacuuming around her swimming pool (lul wut)  
>suddenly she gets sucked into the vacuum (from what I remember, in a very cartoonish way; no blood, gore, etc.)  
>wake up in a cold sweat and apparently screaming  
>obsession with vacuum cleaners ended immediately  
>grandma died about a year later  
That was my very first nightmare in life. I've only had a total of 4 in my entire life and remember each in vivid detail.

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## [34]

>dreaming about some piracy website  
>start a video  
>some kid close up looking scared on the side of the road in the dark, illuminated by a torch.  
>lights behind the kid appear (they look like the backs of cars, with breaklights and numberplate lit up.)  
>kid starts pulling away from invisible arms  
>no longer video, I'm actually there  
>kid gets dragged away over a field at impossible speeds into the dark still screaming until he can't be heard any more, the only thing visible are the lights  
>start running, but it's clear that I'm not going to catch up  
>can hear fairy laughs  
>wake up

Madoka-esque stuff right there.

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## [35]

I had one of my weird atmospheric nightmares last night. Anyway there comes a point where I realize I'm dreaming and I have control over my actions. I wanted to get to that point in lucid dreaming where I impose total will on the things around me so I try to force that. Sleep paralysis lol. I come out of it and I'm still in the dream. I debate redoing my previous attempt versus waking myself up, but like a good and worthy /x/phile I try again. But I can feel myself slipping out of my dream because I had been aware of being in one for too long and I wake up. I don't know, it was just weird how it all went down.

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## [36]

I don't really get nightmares, haven't had one for a while but the last one I had was.

- >I was sleeping or about to sleep in my bed
- >Feel something moving under the blanket
- >Flip up blanket and see hundreds and hundreds of spiders
- >Jump out of bed scared and take a picture off the wall
- >Hundreds of spiders crawl out from behind it
- >Wake up startled

I love spiders though.

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## [37]

This is the only nightmare I can remember at the moment. I forget if there was more to it, but this is the part that really stuck.

- >on a bus(?)
- >not really there, just kind of observing
- >some kid there
- >someone in his family was abusing him
- >he gets a phone call
- >it's someone from his family telling him to come home
- >he hangs up the phone
- >sighs
- >his eyes sink into dark holes
- >his mouth widens to impossible proportions
- >he starts doing this low screeching/grinding sound
- >all that happens at once
- >wake up at this point

For a couple days after that dream, I just felt cold and empty, trying to forget about it. It was the first time I could remember being woken by a nightmare.

Couldn't close my eyes that night without seeing it again.  
Ended up just playing games all night to try and clear my mind.

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## [38]

>be last week  
>dream that family, gf and I are in the woods  
>hear screech  
>know that they're zombies  
>hide in a log cabin  
>no weapons  
>another family is there  
>little girl places her hands on my chest where I have 2 necklaces, one is thor's hammer, the other is a necklace given by my girlfriend  
>tells me I have the heart of a guardian and a healer  
>rips my necklaces off, and hands them to each of my hands  
>tells me to go defend them  
>waits by the door, scared  
>hears my little brother (10 years old) yelling in agony  
>sees the girl eating his neck  
>cries and tries to rush her but too paralyzed to move  
>hoard comes in while this is happening and my family gets eaten  
>they all stare at me, the zombie girl tells me that I should of trusted her  
>tells me to call them out, using my sorrow  
>she's referring to my necklaces  
>zombie comes and hands me the other half of my gf's necklace  
>completes my necklace  
>cries like a faggot, huge wave of sorrow and anger  
>dreams in English but this time I yelled in Spanish  
>translation: my family's sorrows, a couple's burning memory.  
(referring to the hammer and the other necklace)  
>huge unnatural smile from the girl

>we all yell  
>we charge at each other  
>drops my necklaces as I noticed they got bigger and heavier  
>cries and stops half way, accepts death  
>feels the bites, yells in pain  
>gets thrown off my bed  
>dorm mate says I was in deep sleep, nose was bleeding badly, crying in my sleep, had to do something to wake me up  
>had a rash on my nape  
It really screwed me up for that week.

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## [39]

I was sitting in a recliner watching tv at like 2:00 am start going into sleep paralysis hear a laugh in my kitchen not a creepy laugh just an ordinary laugh then I see a silhouette of a bird walking on my ceiling then suddenly im on the other side of the room and some kid I kno from grad school is sitting in front of me and he tells me he wants to punch my face and he does it then im back in the recliner only this time my grandpa is there and he starts yelling at me then I notice its morning and I feel high (only good part) and then I wake up its like 2:10 am or something iv only been asleep for like 10 minutes doesn't seem scary but at the time I was terrified.

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## [40]

Every night I dream about my ex girlfriend. We are always together somewhere public but something happens that always reminds me that she doesn't feel the same about me. It's a nightmare in the fact that I'm afraid of sleeping at night because I know what it will be about. Something I will never have, or feel again. It destroys me in the mornings and the day last just long

enough to repair myself then; do it all over again the next time I sleep. This, my friends, is a true nightmare.

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## [41]

here is one I posted before, I told you guys I was not sure if it was a dream or if it really happened. See if some of you remember

>be young, maybe 4 or so.

>be at a party, not sure if it is a family party or a friend's party

>it is night time, we are all outside in the backyard, party has been going on all day

>be playing with some kids, some my age and so older. oldest kid suggests that we play hide and seek. we agree

>kid says we should hide in the basement, we agree. go to basement, kid opens the door

>lady in white there, all white...skin white, dress white, all white.

>"hola ninos..." she says to us, we freak and run. Tell some guy which I think is my uncle about the lady.

>uncle/guy gets pissed and goes to the basement (forgot to mention, we had access to basement from outside)

>in spanish he yells at the lady "GET OUT OF MY HOUSE, YOU ARE NOT WELCOME HERE!! LEAVE!!"

>lady walks out, she is smiling, everyone just stares at her. when she reaches the street dogs begin to bark...lik every dog in the neighborhood begins barking angrily at the presence of this lady.

>all the children are rounded up and taken into the house, we are taken to the attic.

>on the way there a lady comes running out of a room yelling "I Have it!" she has a golden cross with her"

>they seat us in the attic, an older woman carrying what I assume is a bible begins to pray over us....protection from the white lady

That's all I remember.

I had another nightmare to tell you about.

this time it was shorter.

>So I wake up from a nap, my room is dark  
>when I wake up all I see is my girlfriend's feet facing in a direction that indicates she is facing the wall and not me.  
>she is standing there, naked  
>the fact that I was sleeping on the floor was not strange since I do it often when im doing my hw  
>what was strange was that she was standing there naked  
>"babe....are you ok?" I ask her  
>she begins to turn around, I only see her feet at the time  
>it never occurs to me to look up at her face  
>she bends down...her face comes into view  
>she is deformed, her smile goes from ear to ear, sharp devilish teeth.....dark pitch black eyes, no nose..  
>she opens her mouth and lets out a disturbing moanish gasp  
>I wake up freaking terrified...

one last dream which I guess is not really a nightmare but I always found disturbing

>be in the family car  
>im around 7, my sister is a newborn, my parents are in the front seats with my dad driving  
>we are going down a long stretch of road. on the right is a desert, on the left is a desert, but with redwoods running parallel to the road  
>we are driving, for a long time. it is near sunrise  
>my mom tells my father to ask for directions  
>we finally see a building, it is a small shack, or cabin.  
>we pull up to it, we all walk up to it to knock on the door to ask for directions. the door is slightly open  
>we open the door and walk inside  
>the inside of the cabin is an identical copy of our house....we walk in slightly confused.  
>we look out the window of the cabin and see our neighborhood,

but when we look out the door we see the desert and the redwoods.

>we look throughout the inside of the house and everything is a carbon copy of our home.

>dad decides we have been driving for too long and it is best if we go to the bedrooms and sleep.

>when we walk into the bedrooms we see ourselves....exact copies of us sleeping in the beds.

>we decided it is best if we leave without waking our copies so we do.

>we get in the car and drive off....the sun is now rising

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## [42]

>standing outside my high school

>sunny with birds chirping

>talk to guy friend

>feeling anxious

>atomic bomb in the distance

>huge, red and black

>I start running away to safety

>"you can't out run it, anon. it's too close."

>he grabs me, pushes me against the ground against the concrete.

>my body is vaporized from the feet up.

A few years later, I was raped by the person in the dream.  
Always wondered if it was a warning.

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## [43]

MY most recent nightmare

I was at my dad's house, and I open the back door to look in the back yard, and there is a group of gangsters standing around. Freak out, turn around and try to close door, they bust in. Two of them grab me, and another one (who looked like my cousin) pulls out a knife and repeatedly stabs me in the abdominal area, and then drags the knife up to my chest. It was like it really happened. awful. Then the dream kinda restarted, I guess to give me another chance to survive? I didn't. :(

I usually have supernatural nightmares that are amazing. And they scare me but I enjoy them. But stuff like this just traumatizes me. o.o

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## [44]

- >chilling in my room
- >hear some crazy guy outside my house
- >most angry person I've ever seen
- >he has no shirt on, looks like some meth'd out white trash
- >has a huge butcher knife
- >says hes gonna come up to my room and kill me
- >try telling him he's got the wrong guy
- >makes him more angry
- >tell my parents to call the cops
- >hear him busting down my front door
- >hide in my closet
- >he breaks in and I hear him kill my parents
- >footsteps up the stairs
- >wake up

I don't think I've ever died in a dream, I always wake up.

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## [45]

Anyone else here have to close there eyes three times before being able to sleep? The first two times, every night, I start seeing the beginning of nightmares, or at least really screwed up stuff, and have to keep opening my eyes the first two times. The third time, I enter a regular dream.

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## [46]

I had this nightmare a few years back and it's really stand out from the rest of my other nightmares (I had quite a few)

- > chillin' at home down stair in some what afternoonish
- > Notice the analog clock beside the TV; said 4:44
- > heard a sound of some chain dragged along the floor.
- > look out the windows and see the front gate fully opened.
- > 2 young boys in ancient Thai out fit standing right outside of the house. Though, I couldn't remember if I saw any chain.
- > AGH.MKV
- > don't know what to do, I squeeze my eyes shut and start to recite some Buddhist prayers.
- > Hear the sound of approaching foot steps, giggling lough and a chain links.
- > Continue to close my eyes as the reach me.
- > feel like being pulled from each side violently with the madness laugh echoing.
  
- > Wake up in the middle of the night. Can't do anything but gasping in bed for a few minute.
- > Check the clock...
- > 4:44 (AM)
- > NOPENOTGOINBACKTOBED
  
- > find myself unable to do anything but staring at the clock till 4:44 PM

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## [47]

>used to live on gramps old farmhouse because parents  
couldn't afford rent  
>eventually move out, up the road a bit  
>have dream I'm at the old farmhouse  
>I'm in mine and my older brothers room  
>no one ever even went in there because it was cold all the  
time, and supposedly haunted  
>I'm laying in the bed  
>some ghoul comes from out of the closet  
>starts screaming at me  
>I'm petrified, can't move at all  
>it screams at me again  
>try to scream  
>nothing comes out  
>wake up in complete and utter fear

I was terrified.

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## [48]

>be 8 or 9  
>it's winter and heater in the living room is on  
>watching tv with my family in living room  
>suddenly I see a light from kitchen  
>looks like light of the kitchen room was open  
>my parents said, "hey can you go to kitchen and switch off  
the light?"  
>me: "ok"  
>then I go to kitchen and switch off the light  
>suddenly every room light of the house is off  
>everyone become silent I can't see anyone, anything  
>I just see the light of heater.

>wake up

It doesn't look like scary but in the nightmare, it was scary. Also I see that kind dream a lot. Every part of the dream was same but I go to other room instead of kitchen.

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## [49]

>Freaking cubes everywhere, somekind of puzzle? No problem

>Cubes are tiny but have impossible mass. Nope

No idea what it is about this, but its the mass that bothers me. Only usually dream this when I sick or going to be sick though.

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## [50]

>be wandering around town. (note it's midday, with plenty of other people around)

>hear an absolutely horrifying, blood curdling scream. Literally the scream of a person in the absolute height of agony.

>go closer to the source, in a park near where I was.

>see someone with their body being forced apart, slowly. line between the middle and ring fingers all the way down to the middle of the forearm, where the two bones there are being split apart. The same goes for the feet and the head, where it's splitting down the centre, to the point of the nose widening then indenting

>For some reason, get a closer look, they're splitting at a visible speed, but very slowly, like they are being forced apart with invisible screw wedge.

>the splits aren't tearing mind. just, like a their flesh there is liquifying very slightly.

>Note the constant screaming. Look around and no one is giving even the slightest crap.

>Run away.  
>Get in earshot of another scream.  
>Start finding more as I run further.  
>Still no one caring despite the screams, almost as if they can't see them. but they are very real.

The strange thing is I didn't wake up in shock at any time.

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## [51]

I once dreamt there was a giant spider on the ceiling of our hallway which had black and yellow stripes. I swore blind to my friends that I'd seen it and I was friggin' terrified of spiders after that. A couple of years later I worked out it must have been a dream.

Slightly more disturbing was a dream I had when I first got my own room at around 6. I dreamt I woke up in the middle of the night and these weird shadow animals were running around my bedroom floor screeching. The only thing I remember happening was running for the bedroom door and screaming at the top of my lungs. Took me ages to figure out it couldn't possibly have happened.

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## [52]

I dreamed that asian comic last night.

>walking down the street  
>see a shambler in the distance  
>whars my baby  
>"right here"  
>suddenly I'm a holding out by the neck

>she begins running on all fours at me  
>horrible screaming  
>I throw the baby like a football  
>screaming increases  
>tackles me  
>starts ripping into my chest  
>grabs my heart and starts to squeeze  
>next thing I know my dick is out and she's riding me

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## [53]

I got a few dreams from a while back  
>be at pool with school  
>swimming lessons  
>I cant hold my breath long (I still cant)  
>massive wave out of nowhere  
>trying to swim to the surface  
>running out of air after 10 sec  
>sudden gasp of air  
>under water?  
>wake up breathing like I finished a 15k run

another awfull dream  
>wandering around in my dreamworld  
>some random dude throws me in the air  
>falling sensation for 30 sec  
>wake up right before I hit the ground

Felt really screwed up, I would wake up when I realized I was dreaming.

something strange happend to me 6 months ago, I cant remember my dreams at all any more.

not even when my alarm wakes me when sound a sleep. I kinda miss it actually.

(typing is hard when drunk)

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## [54]

>Be in Lensk (Vividly remember the sign, had to google it next day)  
>Nothing for miles but snow and darkness  
>Short, worn barbed wire fence leading along a barely visible path  
>Be walking down it for a half hour or so  
>See what looks like a half-burnt brick building of some sort or something  
>Manage way over fence to investigate  
>Realize snow has disappeared  
>See glowing eyes from within the darkness  
>They look like hot coals embedded in the skull of this dark figure  
>He starts speaking to me in a language I have never heard but I could understand  
>Tells me he is the bringer of the end of the world, and next time I see him the end will be soon.  
>Grabs my arm and it physically burns me  
>Wake up, heart racing and about to cry  
>Look at my arm where he grabbed me  
>Realize I have scars there from burning my arm on a gas burner when I was 13

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## [55]

I've had a ton of screwed up ones which I forgot soon after waking up. Can only remember one, which is just plain creepy. I suck at storytelling, so bear with me.

In the nightmare, I was watching a TV show. I saw the TV in first person, as if I was sitting in front of it. The images in it were in

black and white.

There was some kind of game show on air. The host was a woman called "The Teacher", wearing a casual dress like those from the 50s.

Behind her, there was a sort of blackboard, or screen. Rectangles were drawn on it: Some were crossed out, some were not.

The teacher says that all children were bad, and that therefore they could not leave detention yet.

Next, we see one of the children in question. A boy about the age of 7.

It was as if there was a camera filming from above. He was laying down and squirming, crying his eyes out.

I watch the child cry and ask for help until the teacher says that another child just got into detention.

And finally find out what detention is: What I, as a viewer, see next, is the child being sealed into a makeshift coffin and being buried alive.

I woke up after that.

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## [56]

Thought you guys might enjoy the nightmare I had last night:

It started out with me and my girlfriend reading an artificial about urban legends online. One of the legends was about "The wizard."

"The Wizard" was an other worldly being that would sometimes show up if you drew a symbol on something, and then fell asleep in the same room. It would eat the symbol. (Yes, I remember what the symbol looked like.) Well, I went home, drew the symbol on the hardwood floor of my bedroom, and then went to sleep.

When I woke up, The floor had chunks of it missing, and the largest hole was where the symbol was. My grandparents thought I did it, so I was grounded.

It was night again, and since my room was missing a proper floor, I was sleeping in the bedroom next to mine. I again drew the symbol due to my curiosity.

I don't remember what happened to that room, but something did due to me having to sleep in the last bedroom on this side of the house. (4 bedroom house.)

Same thing happened.

That morning, when I woke up, I went straight to my dresser, where I keep all of the things that I don't want to set out in the open. (Games, maps that come with games, a few pocket knives.) There were gifts from "The Wizard" in there. About five different staffs, a set of robes, and some other things.

I put on the robes, and my grandmother burst in. I had to explain everything, and due to my explanation, we moved to a hotel up onto of the mountain near my house.

The hotel was at the top of the mountain, and it consisted of a pool, and the rooms. To get into the rooms, you had to login using the HUGE touch screen covering the submarine-like doors. We drove up there in my family's van (Which we haven't had since I was 5.) and when we reached the drive way, we had to drive through patios, and an over hang (The concrete railing of which my grandmother kept driving into.)

When there, my grandmother left to get food, and I was left with my grandfather. While there, I called out to the wizard to see if he was here with me. He was. I heard his voice, and a golden chandelier with a blue orb formed and started hanging from the ceiling. His voice asked "Why did you break our contract?" and then cursed me before throwing the blue orb at me.

Where the blue orb used to be, Water started shooting out with enough pressure to push me back. I called out to the wizard: "I command you to leave this place. By the power given to me at birth, I command you to leave. I am human! LEAVE!"

Then the dream cut to me on the over hang again, being driven by my grandmother in the van. It was nighttime again. This time, only I got out of the van. I went past the pool, where teenagers were sitting around doing nothing, and went straight for my room's door. The login screen was broken, so I just pressed the emergency "Open" button. It was pitch black in the room, so I turned on the flood light attached to the door. I saw that the room was flooded with water and blood. I walked along the path of wooden planks as a song continuously played in my head. "I've got blood on my feet, I've got blood on my feet." It sounded like a song from Fallout 3.

Then I woke up, with tears in my eyes.

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## [57]

- >At friends (fictional) holiday home (bungalow with a living room, bathroom and bedroom)
- >Been requested by him to set up a summoning ritual
- >Make preparations, draw out symbols, light candles, incense etc.
- >Wait for him to get home, starts to get dark outside
- >After a while, notice an old man in a black robe outside observing the workspace
- >Smile at him as I let all the blinds down in the room
- >Hear him muttering to himself "..this needs to be stopped.."
- >Ohlawd.jpg
- >Door is locked, he can't get in..
- >Back into bedroom anyway, pitch black in there
- >Hear lock rattling a bit
- >Click

>Hear scuffling as he kicks over reagents and stomps out candles  
>Howthe- he's in, gotta do something, quick  
>Decide my best option is to make a break for it  
>Element of surprise is good, I'll go before he comes looking for me  
>Sprint out of the darkness  
>Run for the door, almost there  
>Feel hand grab me, spin me around  
>Knife across throat  
>Wake up in bed, sweating

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## [58]

>My last nightmare was being in formation at basic training again.  
>everybody loud not won't stop talking  
>panic rising  
>drill sergeant turns into one of the elder vampires from the underworld franchise  
>grabs unwitting private to be example  
>vampires touch causes his skin to boil  
>every body swarms his body and starts eating him until he stopped screaming.

That one screwed me up for the rest of the day... I watched the life disappear from his eyes as he was ripped apart, 2spooky4me

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## [59]

My dreams never make any sense.

> Be at the beach  
> My friends and I are sitting in the sand, it's dusk, there's a fire

and a beach house of some shoddy construction behind us

- > Friend is sick all of a sudden
- > Keep saying 'It doesn't have to happen' for some reason
- > Friend pukes up black stuff all over the sand
- > Suddenly it's the verge of twilight and the house behind us looking very sinister
- > Go into the house
- > None of the rooms make any sense
- > One of the rooms is covered in tiny little worm things all over the floor
- > They crawl into the mouth of one of my friends and we just leave him in there, screaming
- > Another room is just a dead girl floating face down in a pool
- > In another room there's me, with some stranger in a hoody pointing a gun at me. I mean like, there's the actual me, and then there's also this me in the room
- > Stranger shoots fake me in the eye, I fall down, keep getting back up, like some video on repeat
- > Go back outside to where my friend puked in the sand
- > All the black stuff has been absorbed by the sand, leaving this greasy fatty stuff behind
- > One of my other friends starts eating the greasy fatty stuff
- > Leave them and get in my car
- > All the roads are empty
- > This surreal, uneasy nightmare is a layer of hell and I'm here for eternity
- > Wake up

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## [60]

- > Be 9
- > be lying in my bed about to go to sleep, Oh Canada playing on the television.
- > Sleep, wake up, room is still mine but it's different
- > Room is a single bed, I had a bunk bed at the time
- > Tv still playing the same OH Canada Episode, then turn to

static

- > room starts fading to black
- > darkness creeps from all sides of the room
- > mouths and tentacles envelop the walls and then blacken everything out
- > Writhing slithery black tendrils grab my arms and legs and pin me to the bead
- > Hear a large amount of rumbling and noise as me bed begins to breath
- > foot of my bed, loud bang, almost as if bed is giving birth
- > Large mouth, sharp shark-like teeth with black dog-gums bites at the bottom of the bed
- > Hear laughter, Loud Laughter, Mouth widens and eats me
- > wake up in pool of sweat screaming.
  
- > Be next night
- > going to sleep, still afraid of previous dream
- > Oh Canada playing again, going to sleep slowly this time
- > go to sleep, blackness, no dreams
- > woken up in the middle of the night by pulling at my right leg
- > pulled off top bunk and dragged towards the door
- > Hear a creature dragging me, best described as rocks in a blender accompanied by screaming and giggling
- > See horrid thing dragging me, large right arm gripping my leg, small left arm shriveled and held against it's chest
- > dragged into hallway now, dragging me towards bathroom
- > Whole house is unnaturally dark, all portraits on walls are of different families than mine, all have blank faces, All looking down at me with their nothingness
- > hear the living room my hallway interested with, something there is watching me and masturbating.
- > Feel horrified beyond anything I can explain
- > watch the bathroom door fly open into an endless blackness I cannot fathom properly
- > Creature laughs louder as he screams and screams at the same time
- > Hand extends from the door as if a figure is standing there
- > Hand goes to grab me and I am sucked beyond the doorway
- > Wake up screaming as loud as I can in a pool of piss and sweat,

crying in the middle of the hallway.

> Nope.jpg

I still see this in my dreams sometimes.

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## [61]

>Playing Majora's Mask  
>Read Jadusable's story  
>Go to sleep  
>Haunted by BEN in my dream  
>Drowned myself  
>Couldn't wake up  
>Alive, but couldn't move  
>When I woke up, I was sweating like I just ran a marathon.

Really creepy dream. I don't remember much.

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## [62]

I was 21. Returning home after great sex with my ex gf.

Go to my bed. And I had this mindscrew nightmare.

I'm watching people walking in a kind of amusement park. Just watching.

Suddenly a kind of black beats. a kind of wolf with red eyes, standing on his back legs,

Yelling me.

I woke making an strange yell.

I'm dreaming again. In other place. Watching people walking on a street. That beast appears again and made that strange yell.

I woke up again.

And for a third time a dreamt with that beast. Three times in one night. It was awful.

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## [63]

I was a scientist researching the outer corona of the Sun, I was in a major observatory, staring through a filtered lens so I could see the surface of the Sun. I was researching the conditions that make the Sun behave the way it does, heating the outermost layer and so forth, we were probing the inner core of the Sun with some specially designed probe that could enter inside, past the corona. I am watching the probe move closer to the Sun a, I feel anxious as it moves forward, A hole opens up on the surface on the sun and then sucks the probe in. I have no idea if this is a function of the probe or something the sun itself is doing.

I somehow hear the cheering of the entire planet, or rather the surrounding area, must have been a lot of people there. I then feel terror, as I watch the sun twist and turn, it's surface begins to cool drastically and then hardens. What had happened was this: The sun transfers the heat and energy that would destroy it to the corona and outwards to keep itself from burning out. We disrupted that by penetrating the Corona of the sun and shifting the surface artificially. This caused the sun to throw it's energies inward, towards it's core. Due to dream Logic, this made perfect sense at the time.

I screamed out "NO!" as loud as I could as the sun suddenly

exploded outward, the light enveloped the entire planet incinerating everyone and everything. I felt the heat as it killed me. Now here is where it gets amazing, I died. In the dream I died and passed over to the next world.

/x/ it was incredible, my body must have let loose an amazing amount of endorphins because the feeling I felt has yet to be topped. What I was was a blue fire and a sparkling lite. It was fantastic and amazing. I woke up with tears in my eyes

I have no idea why it was so beautiful.

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## [64]

>Chilling with my family at different places  
> all got lost everytime in different ways  
>One by one comes running at my with hell of speed and anger  
>I got to kill em before they kill me

Dream it about one time per week. I love my family, wondering what my brain will tell me. Only my gf is some kind of help in my dreams, gets me always good weapons and stuff.

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## [65]

>I'm inexplicably standing outside my house  
>Very dark outside, seems to be early morning before the sun has risen.  
>Faint whispers in the back of my mind as I'm walking around  
>Eerie, ethereal atmosphere, lights in the distance  
>notice the vague silhouette of a woman walking along the road with her dog, seems to be wearing exercise clothing like she's going for a morning walk/jog.

>Voices in the back of my head are suddenly becoming more apparent with more voices joining in.

>Whispering intensifies until it sounds like an audience chattering during an intermission.

>Start panicking, watching the woman walk by as voices become a tangle of frantic whispers, normal speaking voices, and one blood-curdling scream

>World around me starts distorting, woman walking by then looks up at me

>At that moment I hear a single female voice, above all the other voices, sounding so clear and close to me that it's as if it's my own internal voice:

>"MY BROTHER IS INSANE."

>Rush of noise, like volume of the voices was shot up to full blast

>Felt like an explosion in my head

>Wake up immediately, ceiling blurs into view, a faint, steady ringing in my ears.

>Exactly like those moments in movies or video games where an explosion goes off next to a character that temporarily deafens them and all you hear is that faint ringing noise.

>Sounds of my environment slowly return, I realize I can't move.

>Holy hell no

>Remember all the things I've read about sleep paralysis, terrified that a demon or something is about to pop up in front of me.

>Desperate struggle to regain sensation in my body, try wiggling around.

>Even try to cry out for help, but I can't move my jaw and can barely use my voice.

>Determined to get out of this, try to say something along the lines of, "SCREW THIS."

>Comes out as "Ffffff..." which I found funny.

>Eventually I'm able to move, scared to go back to sleep

The voices sounded something like 1:13 to 3:45 of this, except that I couldn't distinguish anything anyone was saying and it obviously didn't have the same humorous undertones as the video. And the screaming at 3:29 is just like in my dream:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UFLTBuxGC8k>

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## [66]

Earliest nightmare I can remember, and it's been the only one that's stuck with me all these years.

Must have been about 7 or 8 when I had it. Vivid too, thought it was real.

Woke up in bed at night due to parents fighting as they did, and I looked down outside my bedroom window(I was on the top floor) to see a man standing in my back yard looking towards the kitchen window directly below my window. He had a pale, dead, look to him and he had some scars on his face and looked painfully sad. So I decided to go downstairs to tell my parents about it since they were down there.

I go down but it's like I'm not even there, they can't hear me or seem to see me at all. I look out the window and the man started to walk towards our back door. He starts banging on the door and trying to kick it in, it's really loud. I'm screaming at my parents to help and get him away but they still can't see/hear me. The banging stops, and it's quiet for a few moments when my window shatters as the guy jumped through it. I'm frozen in place as he slowly gets up.

I look and see my parents have disappeared and this guy comes towards me. He says something that I still don't remember what it was, before he picked me up with one hand by the neck and starts to strangle me while holding me in the air. He's squeezing the crap out of my neck and I'm about to pass out before I realise that I have a knife in my hand somehow, so I stab him in the neck and he drops me on the ground and runs out the door bleeding. Then I woke up..

After that dream the same man appeared in my dreams on several occasions, but that was the only time he ever attacked me. Each time I saw him after that, he was always just standing outside my house in the dark with the new scar on his neck from me stabbing him.

And as soon as I'd get to the window and look at him he'd always snap his head up and look directly into my eyes with such murderous intent that it'd wake me up instantly...

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## [67]

>be 13  
>have the flu  
>go to bed feverish  
>everything is normal  
>suddenly I am awake  
>my room is very important  
>my bed is a junkyard  
>the entire world wont stop shaking  
>figure it out so I can help my people  
>suddenly the war is here  
>two sides of America are locked in civil war  
>I must stop this  
>random ghost kid sitting at the end of my bed  
>we try to figure out how we can restore peace between the two sides  
>my mum walks in and asks me if I'm ok (this wasn't part of my hallucination)  
>sitting up in bed moving my hands in the air like I'm putting a puzzle together  
>split America in two so both sides have equal land  
>allisgood.jpeg  
>faces are in my walls, silently whispering and screaming at me  
>S.W.A.T team are in my room, lead by one of the kids from

## That 70's Show

- >he shoots and kills another kid from the show in a raid
- >get up and walk into parent's bedroom, say that "I created Buddha"
- >go back to bed
- >I can teleport
- >teleport into this isolated upside down glass tomb in white space
- >teleporter is broken
- >trapped in claustrophobic space, unable to die, for all eternity
- >scream
- >panic
- >wake up screaming being held down by parents
- >lol wtf are you guys doing I'm fine now
- >have breakfast like nothing happened

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## [68]

Help me out with this one people, I'm really curious if anyone else has had one of these dreams.

- >Dreaming normally
- >wake up from dream
- > eyes open
- > try to move
- > have the sensation of moving
- > but what I see doesn't move with my body
- > I'm hitting the floor running around the room
- > I still see the same frozen image I saw when I awoke
- > Wake up eventually for real in a panic

Is this a one off thing, or anyone else had one?

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## [69]

Has this dream last night... ( This is pretty par for the course as to how surreal my dreams are )

>Me and my friends are somewhere with woods and grass and stuff.

>Apparently some kind of biology field-trip ( I'm a grown man, dunno why field-trip )

>We're looking for some kind of special, rare wood-living mouse

>Instead meet some... badger- or ferret-like creature, it can talk,

is conscious and as smart as a person.

>Somehow, we get scared that ferret-creature will be killed once it is discovered that it is not one of the rare wood-mice (makes sense, right?)

> np, ferret-creature just breaks clean in two, in the middle, and now the two halves inexplicably look like two wood-mice

>It hides with the other woodmice, in the lair of woodmice that we have now found.

>All the woodmice look like mice-bodies with toad- or frog-heads crudely put onto them.

>wake up

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## [70]

Okay, here's mine.

>driving through northern Idaho, deep in backwoods country.

>I'm helping friend and his grandma move

>We are driving moving van, she follows in the car

>As we drive, we notice these old plantation houses everywhere, like super old. What you would normally see down south.

>no people anywhere

>We keep driving, it's getting dark

>see a dude on the side of the road hitchhiking

>Yell at my friend to keep driving when he starts to pull over

>Theres something not right here, I can sense it  
>the grandma pulls over  
>GAH  
>we pull over to save her  
>All the townspeople come out, they're screwed up mutant werewolves  
>They take us to one of the run down mansions and tie us up  
>I get out of my ropes and wake up just as I kick one of the mutant werewolves in the chest

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## [71]

>be in childhood bedroom  
>sister calls for me from hers in a nervous/scared voice  
>go to her room  
>entire wall where windows were has been replaced by a giant, eye-shaped window with nothing but pitch blackness "outside"  
>grey stuck to the window staring in at me  
>most intense fear I've ever felt, waking or dreaming  
>scream at top of lungs  
>no sound produced  
>wake up

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## [72]

>Night time  
>Sitting in the back of a car  
>Mother driving, sister in the back with me  
>She pulls up beside a lake  
>The Lake is a dark purple color  
>Mother gives me and my sister a blackcurrant Ribena to drink  
>Get out the car and begins pushing it into the lake with us still in it.

>Start to panic and start crying.

To this day I still have this recurring nightmare and wake up sobbing before calming down.

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## [73]

>be sitting in living room watching Fox News with my dad (in every dream like this my dad is always watching Fox News....)  
>hear a huge plane going by  
>look out window, dad starts making fun of me "Hahaha is there a UFO out there again?"  
>the plane deploys some massive alien looking ship  
>shutup dad there's a millennium falcon out there  
>watch it land like two blocks from my house  
>see flashes of gunfire and hear it outside of where it is  
>"DAD SOMETHING IS HAPPENING!"  
>dad: oh wow, Fox News says there's been a shooting in our town!  
>DAD GO GET YOUR GUNS IT'S HAPPENING  
>he runs to his room, I run to my room and change out of the pajamas I had into some military like stuff I had  
>have a thought of "I might die today." It was a pretty terrifying thought  
>go back to living room  
>dad has a few rifles laying around and he's loading some magazines  
>I load an AR-15, and go look back out the window  
>the ship is flying around, my neighbors are outside with airsoft guns (lol)  
>see it fly over my house  
>run to the back of my house  
>it's not there  
>run back to the front  
>not there  
>think "it's right over my house...." As the walls suddenly start

crumbling  
>wake up

The night after I was sitting on my computer and I heard a helicopter going over my house. It got REALLY loud, and I freaked out and ran into my living room, and my mom laughed at me.

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## [74]

>be me  
>in some weird forest place on top of a hill  
>there is a fridge next to me  
>open up  
>two smoothie frap things (like the kind in them mcdonalds commercials)  
>give one to my little brother who appears out of nowhere  
>random teens I dont know pop up and start whispering  
>they say "here she comes"  
>aunt comes running up hill and takes the smoothies and throws them  
>suddenly in dad's car in some industrial area  
>we start going down a steep hill  
>now suddenly in some big open place like a huge balcony  
>see kids I know  
>they talk to eachother and walk away and dissappear  
>turn around, this down syndrome looking guy with hair on his head and horns  
>"I can show you where they are anon"  
>he grabs me we start walking towards where the people I knew walked  
>wake up in sleep paralysis  
>see some black figure standing infront of me  
>can't move, can't speak  
>finally wake up for real  
>door open, hallway light on (I keep my doors completely closed all the time)

>wat.exe

Not a nightmare, but pretty weird.

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## [75]

- >go to sleep
- >wake up in dream
- >try to wake up
- >wake up inside dream again, still in my room
- >try to wake up again
- >still waking up in the dream
- >this happens 7-8 times
- >wake up for real
- >don't know if I'm dreaming or not

Another one here. my worst nightmare.

- >go to sleep
- >dream I am at my old school
- >sky is purple with a red tint to it
- >atmosphere is creepy
- >smell of sulfur in the air
- >go to the main door of the school
- >a drug dealer looking guy is standing there
- >has a chain in his hand and a prostitute at the end of the chain.
- >he asks me if I wanna buy.
- >I buy.
- >hooker has nice body
- >but her head is a fox head stapled to her neck like frankenstein.
- >we get home
- >wanna have sex
- >she unhinges her jaws

>eats my face  
>wake up  
>sleep paralasys  
>see her standing in the corner of my room.  
>2 sec.  
>she is gone.  
>can't move.

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## [76]

I used to have these very strange dreams as a child, I remember last one before age 10.

These dreams were unique, in that they didn't incorporate any visual information, just a pitch black dream, but the thing that made it scary was this recurring sound. It was like a hum, an organic hum as if blood rushing inside the ears or water or anything. This sound came in short intervals, and proceeded to get louder and louder. The sound eventually became so loud that it made me panic, it was horrifying, absolutely frightening, then I usually woke up after a few of those super loud waves!

My explanation is sleep paralysis, auditory one!

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## [77]

Happened last night.

>Laying in bed, about 2 AM  
>Drifting off to sleep when I "wake up"  
>On the couch...literally same spot as I am now  
>Feel overwhelming sense of dread  
>Try to turn head left where "sense" is coming

>Hear blood curdling scream that makes me shiver just recalling it

>Paralyzed in dream

>Wake up figeting in bed

>Cant move for about 10 minutes due to sheer terror

Forget sleeping tonight...

About a year ago

>Be me, 13.

>Be sleeping on couch due to hating my room

>Always creepy in there, ominous feeling...

>Pass out and wake up in my bed

>Door locked

>Try handle...Nothing

>Hear thump and jump back.

>Door FLIES off the hinges

>I remember seeing something that looked like the Rake walking around the corner at the end of the hall

>Wake up screaming help me...in my bed...upstair...door off its hinges.

I'm telling you not this was all true. I have a demon in my attic. ;\_;

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## [78]

>I wake up somewhat confused as to where I am

>There's a very wierd corridor I'm walking through (Whole dream's in black n white)

>See a girl with I guess the "pinhead disease"

>Can't understand a word she says, all alone, but I trusted her (strangely)

>Leads me out the corridor into the woods (I was outdoors the entire time!? in between walls?!)

>Woods get foggy, can't see feet

>Continue walking until I come across this building with a crap

load of floors, but too narrow, every floor was another room

- >She leaves me
- >Door to building is an elevator
- >Somehow know to go to top floor
- >Once I'm there, building starts rocking due to wind (Where did wind come from?!)
- >Eventually get rocked into the wall and fall out
- >Wind up falling through ceiling of identical room
- >There's a door
- >Open up, Satan is in a business suit behind a desk
- >Dafuq.avi
- >Hands me a page with a big "X" on it
- >Instinctively sign it while he's organizing other paperwork
- >He grabs it
- >I wake up CONFUSED!

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## [79]

I dream loads, but I haven't had a nightmare in a very long time. Had a recurring nightmare as a child though, which I can still remember vividly:

- >Be in car with family (mum, dad & younger sister)
- >Driving up to this old building
- >No-one else around, the air is absolutely still, sky is a uniform grey
- >Stop the car and we all get out, enter the building
- >Inside looks old and abandoned, but everything is painted white
- >Start exploring the house
- >Walk around rooms and up stairs
- >Find myself alone looking out of a window on a high up floor
- >See the rest of my family getting into the car about to drive away
- >Hear squeaking noise coming from behind a nearby door
- >Want to leave, but also want to investigate noise
- >walk up to door and slowly push it open to peek

(Here comes the horror)

>This room, unlike the others, is almost pitch black and has no windows

>The only light comes from a fire in a large stone fireplace

>Next to the fire, an old man sits on a stool

>He is roasting, on a spit, a live monkey

>The monkey is moving and trying to scream, but no sound comes out

>I am paralysed with fear and can't move

>The old man stops turning the spit and sits still for a second

>Suddenly, the old man snaps his neck around and stares directly at me

>He has the widest, craziest grin on his face imaginable

>This shocks me awake

I can still see that freaking face and thinking of it has given me a slight shiver right now.

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## [80]

>Preparing dinner for christmas

>The dinner is this giant anglerfish thing

>it's still alive and snapping

>for some reason cut into it

>the interior looks like cooked beef

>for some reason put it in dishwasher

>wake up

Thank god I got out of there before things got weird.

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## [81]

>Sitting in my house, at the kitchen table

>For some reason there's a second me sitting on the table, but the second me looks freakishly disheveled and almost insane  
>Second me has knees to chest and is rocking back and fourth  
>I'm peeling off my skin on my wrist because there's something crawling under it  
>Feel no pain for some reason  
>Hear sound coming from other room  
>Another clone of me comes into the kitchen  
>"Anon, the phones back online now."  
>I feel very angry and jump up, as I do so my exposed veins in my wrist start to slide out of my ripped skin  
>I walk past him into the other room and he just follows  
>I grab the phone cord and choke him with it  
>I then get down and rip out all his teeth  
>I go to my bathroom and put them in my mouth where my teeth should be  
>The insane clone of me steps in behind me and walks straight into the mirror  
>Just keeps walking  
>Suddenly everything starts to go black  
>Remember that I lost too much blood when removing the things in my wrist  
>Black everything  
>Hear loud, terrifying sounds and see weird lines everywhere  
>Can only hear things  
>I'm crawling  
>Now I'm falling  
>Hit the ground very hard and feel like every bone in my body has broken  
>I taste blood  
>Still can't see anything  
>I'm being dragged  
>Suddenly I'm in a hospital  
>Loud beeping noises and people I don't know standing around  
>Doctor walks up and opens his mouth  
>Terrifying sounds from before are all that comes from his mouth  
>An array of guts and internal organs are slowly coming out of his mouth and falling to the floor  
>"Anon, look down.:"

>I look down and somehow I can see through my skin  
>I have no organs, bones or anything inside me  
>Just skin  
>I also have no eyes, brain, anything in my mouth  
>Feel like I still do  
>"Quick anon, wake up before he gets you."  
>Can't move  
>"Quick anon, he's going to get you."  
>Terrifying sound seems 100x louder now and it makes my ears bleed  
>Even though I had no blood  
>Those things are in my skin again  
>Start to tear my skin off of my wrist again  
>With every tear, the hospital room is transforming back to my kitchen  
>Eventually I'm back, it's just me and my two clones  
>Their staring at me now  
>I stare as I keep tearing at my skin  
>I stare so hard that my vision starts to contort  
>Eventually everything is black again  
>I begin to slowly wake up in real life

I've never forgotten about that dream, I don't know why, it just always stayed in my memory.

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## [82]

This really didn't seem like a dream but it had a disturbing effect of me.

I was simply sitting on my bed, doing nothing. Everything looked the same as it did in real life and all. I had my door closed and I was aware that something was outside of it. At times I would forget about it and it would forget about me. Then I would think about it again, and it would remember I was there. This went on for what seemed like hours, I didn't even move and neither did it.

I got a glimpse of it in my head, like I could picture it standing it right there outside of the door but I could only do this when it let me and somehow I was able to keep it from knowing what I looked like. The thing had a short body, about 4 feet at best and was unbelievably thin. The face was covered with a mask, something similar to a plague doctor's mask. It was wearing a light brown like coat/cape thing with and was bald.

When I actually woke up, I realized I had only been asleep for roughly 30 minutes.

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## [83]

- >Staring up at the night sky
- >See the sky pinning and stars changing, see the day night cycle of earth flash before my eyes thousand even hundreds of thousands of times.
- >Bring my eyes down from the sky back to terra firma
- >Time itself seems to slow now as I look upon earth
- >See human under the whip of some form of oppression
- >Man grabs whip and kills oppressor
- >Man builds monument of stone to praise what I can only imagine is freedom itself.
- >Man multiplies around the statue and I as the observer witness his accomplishments.
- >Formation of society, government.
- >Viewpoint goes back towards monument and cracks start to appear.
- >Man turns into who he killed. The oppressor.
- >Enslaves other men under the whip of oppression.
- > Eyes drift back to the monument.
- >Cracks grow larger soon the monument crumbles then turns to dust.
- >Man turns upon man in a war so great the land is torn asunder and the sky burns.

>Look back up to heavens with tears in my eyes as the cycle begins once again and a earth marches on without man. This where I awake btw.

Not scary but certainly mind blowing for me in the sense I seem to be living during the time where I believe man will extinguish itself.

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## [84]

>be 17  
>be dreaming I am in this weird alleylike place  
>random sheep appears out of nowhere  
>follow alley, leads to weird boilerroom place  
>feel like im being watched  
>suddenly someone pops up behind me  
>tears at my stomach

this happened to me before:

>be 17 or so  
>dream I am in my house as normal  
>hear name called in back yard  
>check it out  
>see weird strange looking guy, really deformed and with blistered red skin  
>know he is bad  
>run  
>he chases me  
>gets on top of me  
>start screaming like hell  
>tear his face off  
>he hits back  
>feel a terrible pain in my stomach  
>look down, blood everywhere  
>massive slashes in my chest

>screaming, I struggle  
>feel like I'm dying  
>all of my wat

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## [85]

>come home from school, only about 8 or 9  
>smell roast dinner cooking as soon as I walk in the front door  
>turn to mum, "yum, that smells amazing! what is it?"  
>"open the oven door and take a guess, anon"  
>open door  
>throw up all over my half baked pet dog  
  
>just after 9/11, I was about 9 again  
>war in my hometown, dad's dead, brother's dead  
>mum leaves me behind a bush and tells me to stay put  
>I do as she scurries off for whatever reason  
>terrorist sneaks up on my and holds a bow and arrow to my head, I plead and beg and cry  
>they shoot and I wake up

they're the two from my childhood that stick out the most because they felt so realistic, though there's plenty more. I'm still having nightmares but they're mainly about demons and mental hospitals. and being pregnant.

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## [86]

I can never remember my nightmares clearly, mainly because I haven't had any in the longest time. One from my childhood I remember:

>being carried by one of my parents  
>walking on mysterious cobblestone path  
>sky is red or something  
>see tiny eyes peering at me from under the cobblestones

Most recent:

>At my old house  
>go to door  
>see hundreds of giant spiders with 12 legs scattered across front of house  
>try to think of where they came from  
>have a moment of realization  
>ohgodtheresgiantspidersinfrontofmyhousewtff.mp4  
>run into house in a panic

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## [87]

This was a dream I had today.

>Start out pretty cool  
>Mixture of Doctor Who & Harry Potter because really, it's a dream  
>Find a book, decide to read it  
>Realize it's about what's going to happen in the dream  
>If you read it, it comes true  
>Realize I'm going to die  
>Panic  
>See myself dying in a premonition  
>Try to do everything I can to stop it  
>Panic in the dream about my inevitable death until I force myself awake.

Doesn't sound too scary, I know, but when you're faced with imminent death and there's no way to stop it, it's terrifying.

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## [88]

>wake up strapped to a chair, hand bound behind my back  
>cant focus, vision hazy  
>look up, man in his thrities is staring at me  
>I can't move at all  
>in excruciating pain, no part of me is safe  
>realize I'm being tortured  
>wtf is happening  
>cant escape, start giving up, pretty sure I'm dying  
>see the look of pure joy/giddiness/glee as the man pulls out  
more knives to torture me with  
>wake up

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## [89]

This isn't a nightmare, or a dream, but it sort of counts.

I couldn't sleep last night, ended up having an 8 hour hallucination about triangles. That's really the only way I can describe it. I couldn't think about anything except triangles, I saw triangles of all colours and sizes in immense mosaics if I shut my eyes, and I saw everything in triangle form.

I've never done drugs, but if its anything like that, I'm staying away from them.

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## [90]

>be in weird indoor carnival  
>see ex gf in the distance

>decide to go talk to her  
>she turns corner  
>walk into weird room and climb into what seemed like a large vent shaft  
>was weird and colorful  
>at some point in this dream I realised I was dreaming  
>go through some door at the end  
>just fall into darkness  
>all of a sudden wake up in bed  
>look over at my window and just a white face stares at me  
>can't move  
>scared  
>mumble out "who are you"  
>seconds later like a flicker it just went away but all stayed the same

Really don't know how to explain the last part. I couldn't even tell if at that point I was dreaming or not but I was completely terrified.

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## [91]

Just went through a breakup, I'm emotional and getting depressed about it.

In the nightmare I'm with her again and we have everything I wanted with her, kids, family, love, success. It's perfect and the most amazing and satisfying dream I have ever had.

Then she disappears, I'm left with our kids who are freaking out while I try to search for my love I hear screaming. I run and as I get closer I realize it's the kids screaming. I finally get to them and see this figure raping our daughter over the corpse of my love. My son has his throat slit and watching his sister get raped.

I scream and try to run towards them but sink into the ground

until only my head stuck out. I was forced to watch until I woke up screaming.

A mutual friend of ours is running a school report on nightmare interpretations, I send mine to her just because this nightmare had been reoccurring the week prior. She ignores me and never talks to me again.

Four months later, my ex talks to me, she tells me that her niece got molested By our mutual friend's boyfriend. It turns out our mutual friend was running a babysitting service where she would essentially pimp the girls out to her boyfriend. This had been going on for over 8 months.

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## [92]

A sad dream I had a really long time ago. not that scary, just chilling.

My dream began with an afternoon broadcast on the TV saying the world was ending in ten days. I didn't believe it, and continued on with my business. Naturally, I expected the streets to go into chaos because of this. The dream quickly advances to two days later, and a broadcast says that the sun is about to die and explode. At this point, I get a sad feeling from all of those lives ending and nothing they can do about it. But I tried hard not to believe it.

The next day, at maybe 8PMish, it was pretty dark out, I was walking home, and saw a light up sign saying that the world was actually going to end in fifteen minutes. The sky looks very odd, so I believe it. I get a sense of peace, but still a large sense of dread and sadness. It's hard to explain.

As I walked home, I didn't see riots or chaos, but people walking sadly, trying to go about their lives, even if they knew everything

was about to end.

I arrived home, I originally wanted to go up to the mall, but if the world was going to end, I wanted to be with my family. As I entered, I saw a rather annoying kid that comes here almost every day to "hang out with my brother" (See: Use my xbox). I normally act very aggressively towards him, but I sadly told him to go home to his family. He quietly obeyed.

In the final few minutes there was a countdown, and as it counted down, people became collectively quiet and at peace, waiting together for the ultimate end.

For the last two minutes, I wandered to a nearby smallchain fastfood joint, I knew people were quietly sitting in their, watching a wall-mounted TV for news. I wandered around by them, looking at each quiet expression. At the final few seconds, we all stood still. The newsfeed stopped, and everything came to an end.

That dream gave me a bad case of sad.

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### [93]

I once had a few days of exceedingly vivid dreams, right at the end of one term when I was a little younger. They weren't lucid, I've never been able, but they were extremely realistic.

The first I can only remember a fraction of; I was walking up a grassy hill, at night; I could feel the cool grass under my feet, it felt so real. But all around the edge of the skyline, the night was lit up red, and in the distance behind me I could see an ocean, with lines upon lines of huge ships lying just out from the coast. I was carrying someone small, whom I remember being important to me. Ahead of me was a building, small and made of wood, and it was on fire, but I entered anyway and sat down; from there I probably dreamed more, but I can't remember it.

The second was less coherent and shorter still: I was in a city which was lying in ruins, with rubble all over the place. After walking for a little while, I found a hole in the ground, and inside it looked like a cave from Minecraft, although oddly lit yellow and scattered with these strange obelisks, glowing red and blue. Then I saw something running up and down, very fast, too big to be a dog, and I nope'd and woke up.

The last room was the strangest. Immediately when I walked in I noticed the size: it was huge, maybe a half-mile across, with a ceiling too high to see. Opposite us was a number on the wall next to what looked like an opening, although I struggle to remember the number now; could have been 35, or 52.

The floor was covered about a meter deep in snow, and I suddenly had cold-weather gear on. I was with someone else, a girl, who could have been any one of the girls in my highschool year-group. We moved down a path that had been hacked out, and suddenly we were sliding down an enormous slope, towards what I knew instinctively was a huge drop.

We stopped ourselves next to a dog-leg in the path where a metal wall suddenly jutted into our course, and below us we saw a man trying to climb back up. We hurriedly scrambled up the slope and through into the previous room; except it wasn't. The floor now held a huge glass plate, below which smoke swirled. It came up into the room in a thinly-defined column, and glowed with many colours. There were people gathered around it, just watching: families with children, young couples, my class, standing and looking, or playing in the smoke. It was beautiful, but I felt uneasy about it, or perhaps just uninterested, and wanted to move on.

We hurried back through the rooms, which remained the same, and into the first room, which was now entirely empty, although now light filtered in through grubby windows in the left-hand wall which hadn't been there before. Then... I just woke up. It was very disappointing; I would have loved to have known what was on the other side of that huge room.

No idea what any of this means; I often have very odd but very vivid dreams, usually after a hard term.

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## [94]

I had posted this on another forum, pasting it in from there. This happened in May of this year. Kind of long, so it's coming in parts.

Start dream, I was sitting in some sort of cheap restaurant with family late at night, and my dad mentioned something about going somewhere, then looked at me and said "someone's coming for you, know why?" We got in the car and I fell asleep.

What seemed like the next morning, I woke up, but it was a school bus. It was filled by this weird orange misty light, and the bus was full of people about my age, all wearing Halloween costumes, myself included. We were all sitting really low, almost horizontally, so we were curling our legs against the seat in front of us. I looked to my left and realized we were three to a seat, making it kind of cramped, and recognized my friend, who asked, "Have you heard of the antichrist?"

I sat up all the way, orange haze still hanging, and the windows seemed to have pure light outside of them, I couldn't see an inch past them. The driver was wearing a rubber mask too, though seemingly of a normal guy, and was sitting perfectly still. I also noticed everyone was holding a bag of candy. Is it Halloween? I didn't remember. I didn't remember much of anything other than falling asleep in the car after the restaurant. Every few minutes or so this bus driver would just moan loudly and angrily, and everyone would immediately throw a handful of candy up to him, and this would quiet him down. This was repeated a few times before the bus came to a stop. He opened the door and let me out.

I was standing in front of a house I didn't recognize, a really wealthy looking one, and immediately understood that it was a dream. I kept repeating "lucid dream" to myself to hammer it in not to be scared of anything, but although I knew, I guess I didn't really understand. I went into the house, feeling that it was meant to be "mine", looking for my computer hoping I could get some answers.

The house was dark and abandoned, and I kept fearing that the driver was following me, though I had no idea why. I wandered around and didn't find anything, so I headed back downstairs and saw a group of kids, maybe a few years younger than me, maybe between ten and twelve, laughing and playing in the den, and now the sun was out. Just to confirm that I was in fact supposed to be here, I asked if it was my house. They looked at me like I was crazy and one girl answered "...um, yeah? Why, is something wrong?"

I figured I wasn't getting anywhere and walked around the back to find that the house had my backyard, but I didn't go in because of these three bipedal gorilla looking things, but they're hard to describe. They had patches of blue hair on them, at the elbows and neck I think. Some large vulture thing about the size of a small desk landed, and one of them picked it up and started beating another with it. The vulture was pretty clearly dead, but I thought the ape-things were playing until I saw the one being beaten fall to the ground, and the third one crouch down and start strangling it. I went inside "my" house to a room and fell asleep.

I woke up in my room feeling strange, not quite normal, but I thought it was over. I was actually about to get to the computer to tell about it in this thread. I then realized that on the space over my bed where in real life a Soviet flag hangs was just a generic rectangle of fabric, and that was all it took to know I was still dreaming, though by that point I was mentally debating myself whether it was actually a dream. I kept trying to analyze previous events for inconsistencies and jump points, but it all seemed to flow. I kept struggling to wake up, which actually caused physical pain. I went outside because I couldn't think of anything else to

do.

It was very dark outside. Once I stepped outside the house, I couldn't find it again. The entire world was generated like Minecraft, with grass and dirt cubes forming the landscape, though it was almost perfectly flat. There were lines of mine cart rails everywhere, and small tunnels made of netherrack that were completely pitch black inside. Every once in a while, a mine cart would glide by carrying someone I recognized, standing up perfectly straight and staring directly forward. When they'd enter one of the tunnels, sometimes they would come out, sometimes not. Some rails were just short segments on the ground.

Eventually I just started running, and I felt like I was running for my life. This started before I turned and realized what I was running from. A large, green, translucent mass coming towards me very quickly. As it got closer, more and more of the landscape started to fall away and I could see lava rising from the ground. Eventually the landscape had deteriorated to such a point where I fell into an opening in the ground. The inside of the hole was surrounded by lava, as if I had fallen through into the mantle. The green mass matched my speed and came alongside me as I fell. I could see it had the face of an old woman, and it said in a quiet and deep voice not matching the face, "Do you know why I'm here for you?"

I landed on my feet on a platform, and the lava closed the opening above so it was only me on the platform, surrounded by lava, and the green thing. We stared at each other for a bit, I started to feel extremely anxious... and I woke up. I looked at the clock, which said 1:30 PM. I laid down for a nap at 12:30 PM. This all happened over the course of an hour. I have no idea what any of it means, if it means anything at all, but it still feels extremely strange.

And I still keep checking to make sure I'm awake.

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## [95]

I go over to the house of a friend of the family, I have never seen this house before in my life. It is a fairly nice house, obviously wealthy, nice tan orange color with brown trim.

We are all in the living room when my mom and others go into the kitchen for drinks, by the way the house has a hot tub, I never see the thing but somehow its important. I'm 17 and just sitting on the couch, next to me is the only other person my age at the party, a 17 year old girl whom I've never met.

So the adults were going into the kitchen when the daughter of the woman who owns the house comes in, she is about 8. We turn on the TV and start watching Spongebob for the kid. Standing in front of the TV is the lady who owns the house. She is acting really weird, so we ask if everything is okay.

Suddenly her mouth and nose disappear, her chin and head elongate and she lets out this low exhaling sound. Her forehead begins to melt and bubble, and begins wafting into the air like fluids mixing. This forms a massive eye that opens and looks at us. The last part of the transformation is elongating fingers.

We on the couch are frozen in fear, I'm covering the kids eyes and trying to scream but can't. Just when she is about to get us, yes "get us", my mom walks in. Suddenly the lady turns back to normal.

They both exit the room.

Me and the girl decide we NEED to go, we grab the child and split. We find a way to a McDonalds because it's one of those "safe places", we can't tell them there was a monster and they said if they can't call the police, and we don't order something we have to go. We discuss this at a table, under the one lit light, then we see something moving outside. I go to investigate, after doing a lap outside McD's I find nothing. We then leave because the

manager makes us.

We wander around for a bit looking for somewhere else safe to take this 8 year old girl, we cant go back to the house! After a while the girl is starting to get hungry and tired so we return to McDonalds. The lobby is closed so we go to the drive through.

After arguing with the manager for the second time we get some burgers, from the drive through. We get them free because we have a child with us. So no where else to go we return to the house.

to our horror we find the door open and the house in silence.

We enter and there is evidence of a party everywhere, cups drinks, ect. The house is empty, eventually we find a camera, it is on and sitting on a counter. Upon inspecting we find it full of pictures.

The first picture is of everyone in a semicircle smiling.

the seconds there is about 5 people standing around smiling, and eating this really strange meat.

the third is of them grilling the meat, it is really bloody and sticks to the grill.

the forth is of 2 people eating the strange meat, it is then that we realize that it is the other people at the party they are eating. horrified we put down the camera and attempt to leave.

The door slams shut, it is at this point we realize that the girl has disappeared. We look out the window to see the lady standing in the yard in her transformed state. I hear the sound of a door open and this is where the dream gets silly.

Until now I have been terrified by this awefull nightmare, then without warning I turn into charzard. Turns out the lady is a legendary psychic type dragon pokemon and we do battle.

So then I'm like what?

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## [96]

>Dream that there is a video circulating in "the underground circles"

>It's considered the saddest video ever created. Anyone who watches it either gets crazy or extremely depressed.

>The name is something along the names "Padri Molino"

>Never watched it. Saw some frames. It's a priest in front of a desk talking.

>Some people say that there's a demon with him.

>Try to watch it with someone, but I'm too chicken to watch it, so that person is telling me what happens.

>He starts telling me "So, there's a priest. He's talking. He's saying something."

>"Oh my god, he is starting to cry. He is crying."

>The person starts sounding desperate.

>"He is crying. And there's water. There's water, there's water."

>Dream starts distorting. Friend starts crying and screaming "There's water... There's water" Background noise can be heard.

>Can't see anything. Only thing I can hear is "And there's water"

>Wake up scared. Don't have any idea what did that mean.

>Still feel chills when I think about it.

"There's water"

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## [97]

>Be 8

>Family members over, forced to sleep on couch

>Having a horrific nightmare, cant remember what of

>Wake up

>See something crawl up wall of living room  
>Multiple legs  
>The wall is high up there  
>Stares back at me  
>Cant scream  
>Accually wake up  
>Look up  
>Nothing

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## [98]

This is the real worst dream I have ever had, and I don't know why it disturbed me so much

>Be 6 or so  
>Inside house I have just moved out of  
>In empty living room  
>My cat is walking over to me on the carpet  
>Two creatures move out from a dark hallway at the right towards my cat  
>Giant plate sized spiders with black and red hourglasses on them  
>Weird dish shaped object jutting out of their backs  
>They absolutely destroy the cat, rip it to shreds, no blood

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## [99]

I used to have night terrors, the kind that seizes you up and leaves you sobbing, but you cant ever remember what happened that made you so scarred.

>Be 6 or so again  
>Wake up in mom's room, she is sobbing, shaking me, hugging

me

>whatthehellisgoingon.jpg

>I've been screaming and crying for 30 minutes

>Mom had called 911, my worst night terror ever

>All I remember is that my dream had to do something with a lion

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## [100]

Last night I was lucid dreaming as usual, but my powers wouldn't work for some reason, they kept failing.....for one thing instead of my regular beast form which is a combination werewolf-dragon, I turned into just a dragon instead, which was weird. Secondly I couldn't fly for some reason. I've been flying for YEARS and can't even remember the last time I had troubles with it. Flying for me is easier than running for pete's sake. I hurled myself off a tower then quickly realized I wasn't able to fly. Awful. Thirdly my fire breath wasn't working. I was fighting an evil dragon, it blew fire at me (but I'm fireproof hurr durr) so I blew fire at it but nothing came out of my mouth....what??

Basically all my staple most reliable and well used powers weren't working last night and it sucked.

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## [101]

>Walk through some sort of a portal. No idea how or why.

>Walking along a cliff near a shore. The grass is green and sky is most pure blue I have ever seen.

>See two men standing on a hill wearing clothes that remind uniforms of Roman soldiers.

>Try to talk to them. They immediately catch me, tie me up and lead me into a small city, strangely deserted and with a castle.

>People all stare at me wide eyed, point fingers at me and call me by some strange name.

>I'm locked up into a dungeon.

>After a while a beautiful woman walks in.

>Starts crying.

>I'm all confused as of what is going on.

>She starts speaking on some strange language, but I understand her.

>Says that I left the city some 10 000 years ago. Says that I travel from one world to another and that among them I am the only one who has the ability to remember my way back.

>I ask if I am having a dream.

>She nods and says that it is one way of perceiving it. Says it doesn't matter how I think of it and explains that we should take the best of it because my time there is limited.

>I am freed and guards apologize for not recognizing me immediately.

>Apparently during my last visit I promised to marry her so I had a wedding and a lot of celebration.

>My time began to run out. I kissed her farewell. A portal opened in front of me and I walked though it. I immediately woke up with mixed feelings about the whole thing.

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## [102]

> be about 10

> moved to different room in house

> had to sleep a week without curtains

> around 3rd day was laying in bed, facing the window above my newly installed desk

> see strange figure in the moonlight

> stared at it for a bit, after which it placed its palm on the glass

> scared, nope, turn around, sleep

> wake up next morning early to watch cartoons

> halfway thru x-men/spider-man or whatever I was watching, I remembered what happened last night

> ran to my bedroom  
> climbed on desk to reach window  
> see hand mark on outside of glass  
> my bedroom was on the 3rd floor, no ledge, straight fall down.  
> its 20 years later now.. still don't know what happened. Logic has convinced me that it was a brass-balled-wall-climbing-burglar

Also, nothing else ever happened to me, no ghost sightings, strange dreams or any other paranormals.

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### [103]

>at 7/11  
>get a huge bag of 5 cent candies  
>see a giant box of Doritos for \$3  
>pay and leave  
>realize the box contains regular corn chips instead of Doritos  
>disappointed  
  
>in some old brick alley  
>staring at something in front of me  
>bunch of old couches, random pipes, junk etc.. behind me  
>everytime I turn around the junk is rearranged  
  
>me and a friend are driving to a movie  
>thick blue fog envelopes everything  
>tell him to slow down because we can't see anything  
>he doesn't know what I'm talking about

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### [104]

>be 14  
>I'm in a dark endless corridor of rooms and doors, going both

directions. It's very quiet and eerie too.

>I walk down passing door after door

>finally pick a door

>enter

>I'm in the upstairs of my house

>None of the light switches work

>I know I'm dreaming, so I want out. I whimper in desperation.

>I enter my sister's room.

>As I'm rummaging through my sister's drawers for a torch, I hear a whisper

>It's coming from the cupboard behind me

>I open it slowly

>It's my mother. She steps out and hugs me. I return the hug.

>I suddenly feel relieved, but my mum isn't

>She sounds worried

>She whispers one sentence.

>"Please Anon. Don't do science, for me."

After that, I woke up. I had no idea what the point of that dream was.

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## [105]

>outside of school in a town, playing hookey

>hear a loud male voice cry for help in the distance

>nope.jpg

>hear cry for help again

>"Why is nobody helping this guy?"

>start walking toward the voice, crowd of people out of nowhere rushes ahead of me

>reach source of voice, can't see what's going on because of crowd

>everyone starts freaking out and pushing each other over

>riot police come in, tell everyone to form a single file line and go into the school

>police are lined up on both sides of line

>go into school, start asking whats going on  
>nobody will answer me, continue asking people walking down the hall as the light slowly dims out  
>pitch black  
>next thing I know I'm crammed into a small box-like area forced into a fetal position with a single window  
>>window is from a school bus  
>small opening, manage to squeeze my way through  
>on a school bus, everyone is wearing grey clothes from 1950  
>nobody is speaking or moving, everyone's eyes are fixed toward the front of the bus  
>ask whats going on, nobody will answer me again  
>make my way toward the front of the bus  
>can't get to the front, the bus keeps extending  
>as I pass people, they disappear  
>bus narrows  
>take a moment to catch my breath  
>hear a thud outside the bus  
>look out the window  
>lifeless body hanging from a rope  
>freak out, start running to the front  
>as I pass each pair of windows, a family member or friend is hung from the outside roof  
>bus still extending  
>reach end of bus, bus driver is humming  
>begin to ask question  
>head turns around in the blink of an eye, only has a mouth, and lets out a bloodcurdling screech  
>wake up

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## [106]

good thing I keep a dream log.

> night  
> I'm on a cab

> I think I came out early from somewhere  
> I can remember something about a science class where I wasn't signed in, but was welcomed anyway  
> the cab's driving along some park  
> I see a friend of mine through the window  
> I ask the cab driver to stop, he stops and I get down  
> I'm on some place surrounded by walls  
> on one corner, I can see a fence gate that goes outside  
> I start running towards the gate  
> suddenly a white roofless car with some old officer corps come rushing towards me  
> I don't stop, yet I know our trajectories will collide at some point  
> we don't crash anyway, the car enters through a big gate that goes into another place  
> "that's what happens when you come early to some place" I think  
> I also think that by "coming early" I refer to act differently to how you are supposed to  
> I go outside, I can see my friend.  
> we eventually meet. meeting her reminds me another dream I'm not sure I had

does this happen to any of you? reminding dreams you've never had inside the dreams you're having as dreams you've had?

another one

> I'm with my family, crossing a big river on a floating pickup truck  
> we find a ship that has a lot of people I know, mostly people from school  
> one of these boys come to me and pass me a book  
> the book contain legends and myths  
> I'm sure the book is structured in the same way as the emerald table, but I prefer not to tell him  
> one legend on the book, as he tells me and as I read, is about a "dark wizard" that actually fits better as a vampire  
> "been known is the fact that everything written previously is real, there was a man who was 27 years old just as he appears

described and he sowed panic in the island's population with his dark magic and sorcery faculties"

> "3 before 30" I think, randomly

> jumpcut. I'm a dark sorcery student who lives on a tower in the middle of nowhere, where I'm being teached

> a teacher asks my help to cover up the corpses of some students that received punishment for something

> he asks me to use some lotion I used to cover up a bruise I have on my hand

> while I do that, the teacher starts to tell me that the book I've been talking about doesn't exists because I dreamt it

> I don't believe him, as I remember clearly some book passages, so I decide to go search about the book on the internet

> I find something I wrote a long time ago, on dreaming about the book

> I also find something else written by the guy who passed me the book, but he talks about it as it doesn't exist

> something makes me wonder if the man who the book talked about was the guy who passed me the book

I actually remembered clearly things about the book, and thought it existed, but when I woke up and managed to reach the computer to search about it, only remembered the "been known is the fact..." part.

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## [107]

alright! a dream thread! good thing I keep a dream journal. ill contribute quite a few

floating on a log in the middle of a lake with my mom (dead) and my sister. there is a submerged shell gas pump sticking slightly out of the water. my mom and sis paddle to shore in a bucket similar to a clothes hamper, leaving me on the log. just as they get about 30 ft away from me, a plesiosaur AKA the LOCH NESS MONSTER (inb4 tree fiddy) pops up from the depths and just

looks at me. I swear, this thing was so vivid, I could see every yellow stained tooth.

It was only about 20 feet long, not so big that I could be swallowed whole, but could easily kill me given the environment. so what could I do? its between me and the shore. (shore about a peir's length away) so I try to swim around it, but get scared and swim back to the log. I get brave again, try to swim to shore, see the monster, get scared, and turn back again. this happens about five times and I end up just swimming in circles. finally I get around the loch ness monster, swim for my life to shore. just keep swimming when I see a GIANT SQUID going to attack the monster, and I'm right in the middle of the two of them. the dream ends with the giant squid pinning me to the side of the loch ness monster under water. then I woke up

Think I've only told this dream to one person before. I was on the playground, maybe 8 years old (would make sense, this is when I had the dream) and playing with my friends, when all of the sudden, everyone around me just drops dead. Completely out of nowhere. Suddenly, very dark orange, long, thin arms with claws protrude out of the ground with a black mist forming around them, as if some kind of portal or something, hard to explain. The arms pull all the children and teachers around me into the ground, as I stand there shaking with fear. Then the beings rise up from the ground and just stare at me, their faces completely blank, their skin shifting colors between a dark orange tinge and pitch black splotches. They slowly walk towards me, and when I'm completely surrounded, they all grab me and pull me into a shadowy void. That's when I woke up. Pretty messed up for an eight year old's dream.

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## [108]

The dream was disturbing but not overtly frightening. More bizarre and worrying and it kind of haunted me the next day. It felt

very real.

In the dream/nightmare I was in a run-down hotel and in my room. It was nighttime and very quiet and I was in bed. The room was drab and damp and wallpaper was peeling off the walls and it was unwelcoming and dank.

Through the lock on the door this very long thin piece of crumpled up paper (thin and string like) had a paper eye on the end. It came through the lock on the door like a long string of crumpled twisted paper with an eye/flower shaped like a small daisy at the end and it hovered like a snake as it approached my bed and then stopped and just appeared to be surveying me - this was very frightening in the dream - as if an entity was beyond my room door controlling this 'thing' that was observing and unnerving me greatly.

The string like paper was very long and gradually was threaded through the keyhole until it hovered by my bed in mid air and there was a flower like thing at the end which also looked like an eye.

It was obvious someone was threading it through from the other side of the door and it felt supernatural and it was designed to disturb me.

The next thing I remember is gradually opening the door and there was no-one there.

The hall was dark and run down. At the other side of the hall there was a small office with two women, who ran the hotel.

I asked them if they had heard of similar things happening that night and they said: "Yes, there is a guy - perhaps a spirit - disturbing guests and he is sinister and he keeps disappearing. No-one has seen him and he is haunting the hotel".

The hotel was dark and ominous, and the general feeling was uncomfortable and bizarre and scary.

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## [109]

>dreaming  
>fishing with grandpa  
>I speak him about I'm afraid of losing him, since he's over 80  
>he says to me 'worry not, my time has yet to come'  
>next day phone call, talk to him casually  
>ask him if he's okay  
>'Yeah of course.'  
>suddenly stops for a moment  
>'Something wrong?'  
>'Didn't you asked me if I was dying before?'  
>'Oh. Okay.'  
>'I must have been dreaming then."  
>never tell him about my dream.  
>he's still alive and kicking

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## [110]

>dream starts with me walking on edge of rusty metal dock  
>water seems dark/murky  
>look up to see corpses floating around as if on invisible strings  
making gurgling sounds  
>NOPE  
>run through streets to escape corpses  
>notice "buildings" are just large structures of doorless,  
windowless, weathered metal with rivets (reminded me of the  
platforms from Super Mario Bros. 3)  
>find a hole in street with stairs instead of ladder  
>an overwhelming sense of dread overcomes me as I feel a wave  
of darkness is chasing me, right on my heels  
>enter hole

>stairs lead down into a descending stairwell  
>each floor is identical, a small wood-paneled room with just enough room to turn and go down the next flight  
>walls begin to grow heads with snarling faces, black eyes, and snapping teeth  
>this happens with each floor  
>about 7 floors  
>finally reach the bottom floor  
>wooden door stands before me  
>when I reach for the knob, absolute terror overcomes me  
>hear a voice from other side of door whisper quietly "be free"  
>wake up  
>"holy crap that was freaky..."  
>go back to sleep

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## [111]

>Being 7 years old  
>Having a nightmare  
>Wolfs chasing me through a graveyard  
>I reach the end of the graveyard  
>I climb to escape  
>I slip  
>A wolf bites my arm  
>Wake up, arm hurts  
>See arm  
>Bleeding heavily  
>The wounds are healing at an extreme speed  
>I wake up again  
>Nope.avi

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## [112]

My dreams are often me wandering around really strange facilities. Like something out of Doom or that Windows 95 screensaver.

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### [113]

>dark long abandoned town, looming buildings.  
>flickering lights illuminating small parts of the area  
>transparent people occasionally walking by  
>they all walk into something and then suddenly go static and vanish  
>there's a small non transparent girl sobbing quietly in an ally  
>ignore it and continue walking  
>walked about 2 miles and still hear the sobbing  
>look into another ally with a dumpster this time  
>shes sitting on the dumpster smiling at me  
>start to run  
>runs into a coffee shop  
>looks outside  
>I am in a city with bright lights, in the middle of the day,  
people rushing around and going to work or taking a walk  
>I tap someones shoulder to ask where I am  
>they vanish  
>wake up

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### [114]

>having dream  
>see naked blonde woman in a portal  
>the other world looked like an endless prison shower block  
>she speaks in a language I have never heard before  
>tries to entice me to step through said portal  
>was entranced and approached the portal

>black tendrils start covering my flesh and eyes as I went closer.

>Nope'd away.

>woke up

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## [115]

> Wake up in an abandoned factory  
> With girl I know, had the hots for  
> Walking around factory  
> Suddenly hear intense screaming, goes on for close to twenty minutes  
> Look behind my shoulder, girl is strung up on a meat hook  
> Nope out of there  
> Lock myself in closet  
> Hear what sounds like mumbling and whispering  
> Wake up  
> Sob

The creepiest part is she died a month later from a drunk driver.  
Her motor impaled her apparently.

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## [116]

-Had a dream where a socially awkward homeschooled kid raped me because he thought I was japanese. He forced tofu into my mouth the the whole time as a "reward".

-Had a dream where an elite team of my friends and me were supposed to save the world from the spread of "the Twilight realm" which was filled with demons. At one point we were in an enemy fortress, running past lots of traps when a false wall opened up to reveal a baby in a cradle. I picked it up but realized

it was probably the enemy trying to trick us, so the next time we were attacked by demons I threw the baby at one of them and he sliced it in half with a sword. It later turned out that the baby was "the chosen one" and I had doomed the entire world.

-Had a dream where I saw an episode of the Smurfs in which Smurfette got a makeover. Papa Smurf decided she was guilty of the sin of Pride, so he revoked her "mother privileges" and two burly smurfs dragged her off kicking and screaming to abort the fetus she was pregnant with.

-Dream I had when I was 7: generic scary wolves ate my guts while I bled to death.

-My friend tricked me into joining the army and I ended up deserting my platoon in Iraq. I decided they would execute me unless I managed to defeat the terrorists, so I snuck into their base. It turned out they all looked like the characters from Aladdin, but I shot them all. Then I was strung up and killed by their vengeful spirits.

-A pedophile stole my socks and my sister's underwear, then turned into a snake and slithered into the bushes before I could catch him.

-Another pedophile, wearing a frilly green dress, chased me through an abandoned university holding a dead cat and giggling excitedly.

-Vegeta from DBZ died fighting Majin Buu and I was haunted by his ghost. He said I had to tell his wife, Miranda, and his daughter, Marcie, that he resented them for not being super saiyans. They didn't take the news well.

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>Be in subway  
>Notice something following me, dark and on all fours like Ghollum  
>Start freaking out coz no one else notices  
>Voice tells me to start running  
>end up cornered  
>Voice tells me to stand on tile, apparently monster can't touch me now  
>Think to myself I'm screwed now anyway  
>Bright "portal" opens up behind me  
>Enter  
>Exit into a place looks like a hallway in a school library  
>Notice clock immediately

Can't remember exactly, but it ended with me trying to hit on some chicks, and then notice that people avoid the hell out of me. Notice because I'm wearing a watch, end up destroying giant clock, the whole place goes haywire.

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## [118]

>walk outside an unfamiliar house  
>it immediately goes off to a big snowy road, can't make out much of anything  
>my mother and brother are there  
>all of a sudden see something coming in from the fog, walking down the road  
>look at family, feel panic, tell them to run  
>walking out of the fog very casually is a very large elk deer thing  
>but it has the face of a human.  
>the face seemed dead and inhuman, but was very distinctly human in shape.  
>froze in fear  
>try to yell at it but can't, stuck in the middle of the road in its path

>it walks up to me  
>immediately some where else  
>walking up stairs located outside on the side of the building  
>just walking up when I suddenly look to my left  
>see these giant Russian style castle things with tons of detail  
soaring past the sky  
    >over taken by fear, think about how it shouldn't be possible,  
how it must have been so dangerous, how people must have died  
making something so tall  
    >begin to cry in both fear and sadness, sit in a corner on a  
platform for the stairs  
    >people are walking past me, I keep asking why was it built so  
high  
    >suddenly a hand on my shoulder  
    >she tells me not to be afraid, and to come with her  
    >we go up the stairs together and enter an area, like an arcade  
    >she introduces me to her friends.  
    >it ends and I wake up.

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## [119]

Always end up going into some kind of catacombs. I can never  
really remember much except the insides are kind of art deco.

There is something to do with an entrance to a second set of  
catacombs or a hidden door inside the first area. That is where it  
hits the fan.

Inside I cannot remember well. As I recall there was something  
involving great wealth or a secret that would greatly benefit  
whoever discovered it.

Unfortunately not long after you pondered your good fortune it  
would become all to obvious you were not alone... There was a...  
Something. You would turn around and it would be right on you.

This crude shoop is about as close as I can get to what it looked like.



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**[120]**

This one's from a sequence of changing dreams that I had one night that gradually became more contiguous.

This begins at I guess the end of one of those irrelevant dreams: I was in an arcade and began playing some sort of car-based Jurassic Park shooter. I became part of the game, killed a bunch of camouflaging Carnotaurs and stuff, then eventually it just became me and my girlfriend in my car, driving down some highway (just one set of two lanes, mind you) amidst a plains-y terrain. It was grassy, but most of the grass was dead/dried out. The sky was overcast, but the sun shone through enough just to give everything a sort of grayish yellow ambiance. Felt really sick, sad, a general sense of falling apart, dream logic dun maek real world sense sorry D::

There was seemingly some tension or similar sense of detachment between my girlfriend and myself. At one point, her body became all transparent and ghostish and just kind of faded out of the car, going backwards, as if she were floating forward at a slightly slower speed than the car was going. I guess ghost-her decided to stop being a leaving-me jerk and came to, and we were either lost or low on gas or both, so she was kind of pissy(inb4 relationship trouble/fear thereof, there really wasn't anything going on and I was never particularly afraid of anything going wrong between us) There was a really small gas station up and to the left, so I pulled in.

It turned out the place was abandoned, so couldn't get gas or whatever. At the edge of the gas station's parking lot there was a pole with a couple of signal lights on it like at a railroad crossing but without the arm, with a giant red X on the top of it. It was blocking access to a dirt road that led out of sight. I drove through it because screw common sense (I guess I thought there might be people living back there, think I saw houses or something), only to find that there was one of those tire-popping rows of spikes situated at the barrier that had popped my car's tires, and that I had set off some sort of alarm.

I felt ridiculously embarrassed in front of female, tried to reverse, nothing really came of it because popped tires. At that point my girlfriend abandoned thread because carless betafag dreamme

and just kind of floated up out of the car and away permanently.

Seemingly ignoring this, I got out of the car and began walking down the dirt road and came into this little valley-ish place with a bunch of houses and really elegant/mysterious looking trees. Not enough to

shroud things and make it creepy, but enough to give it some weird sense of wonder, yet unease at how huge and outlandish they were. I became really sad when I walked into the little clearing, and the sky was overcast but with a slightly more blue tinge than earlier. I realize in hindsight that the houses were a memory/dream-induced caricature of the houses in the neighborhood in which I lived up until I was 4.

They were more or less undamaged and stuff, but I could tell that no one was living in any of them, or so it seemed, cause I saw an old lady in the yard of one of the houses doing some gardening/old lady type stuff. She smiled and waved at me, I awkwardly returned the gesture, and then I walked up to my old house (not knowing it was mine in the dream of course) and looked into the kitchen window in the back - it was unnaturally dark inside and I got a sense that 'twere very dusty, spiderwebby, desolate, worn down, etc. Point is, it filled me with a really uneasy dread. At this point some random acquaintance of mine from

a Music Theory class I was taking IRL showed up and comic-relief'd a lot so I felt less crappy about the inside of the house. We decided to go in through the glass sliding door at the back of the house and despite being kinda dark, it was moderately furnished, not too screwed up or anything. In hindsight, the inner architecture of the house was a mixture of

1. The actual childhood house which it appeared as from the outside
2. My then-ex-girlfriends house (about whom I still felt terrible irl for having broken up with, if you want to get psychoANALytical)
3. My mom's current house

We looked around the living room and kitchen and stuff and I

remember looking at the glass door and seeing the old lady from earlier standing there, as if she had appeared out of thin air.

She was smiling and looked benign enough, but I was really creeped out. She came in and was jokingly/affectionately kind of like "what are you two ruffians doing here"/ Oh, you! and stuff. Turned out 'twas her house, but she wasn't even mad. At that point some Asian lady I hardly knew IRL with whom I was taking choir (inb4 phaeg) appeared, and it was understood that she was some kind of house servant to this lady. She seemed really forlorn, like she had seen some things, and whenever my Musictheory bud and I talked to her she was really shy and uncertain about herself. At some point the old lady made us some boss fried chicken, which tasted RIDICULOUSLY good. The whole time she was acting so friendly and hospitable, a nice old Southern lady sort of archetype going on.

Thereafter Musictheory Bud and I resumed talking to her and made some sort of breakthrough wherein she began acting all confident and cute and (her pants unceremoniously, thus negating the efforts of my friend and I; lolnotreally). The old lady was still cleaning up our foodmess when we all started hearing the sound of a baby crying from the house's hallway (thus far everything had taken in the living room and kind of the kitchen). This was new to us, and we all felt like something was wrong.

The old lady stopped acting all jovial and became all austere like "We've had our fun, but shouldn't you boys be moving along now?"

We began walking toward the hallway, the old lady protesting the whole time that we stop, it was nothing, etc. The crying was coming from the hallway's first door on the left.

We opened the door, and inside was a decent-sized cubic room with all cement floors, walls, ceiling. There were some baby's clothes strewn about on the floor and an empty crib with the wires from a mobile hanging over it. More importantly, there was blood spattered irregularly but very copiously all over the place. The

crying became incomprehensibly loud and mingled with a simultaneously and equally as loud baby's laughter. We turned around in an attempt to NOPE out, but the lady was right behind us. Her eyes were huge and completely black, bleeding said blackness down her cheeks.

She stared at us and said something to the effect of "I told you to stay the out" and I guess via some messed up old demon telepathy, it was communicated to us, amidst an uproarious mixture of baby's crying and laughter, that the chicken we had been fed was the baby whose room had been in there, describing why she had killed it and that she had killed many more babies in a similar fashion.

There was a general "screaming from having seen something incomprehensible" feeling, with lots of sensory overload, I remember while this was happening seeing/hearing various imagery, namely an image of the sun, but not a happy sun, like actually staring directly into the sun (blindness), and some sort of horrible Penerecki-like flourish of orchestral dissonance and stuff (>mfw my dream is a scored horror film, also when I have no face).

Woke up, brix.

End!

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## [121]

>be 3 years ago  
>asleep at friends' house on sofa  
>massive mirror hangs over sofa  
>start dreaming  
>in dream me and a few friends walk into a dark warehouse  
>I start jumping forward for the hell of it  
>don't hit the floor

>keep falling through floor in pitch blackness  
>panic\_mode.png  
>fighting to wake up but stuck in pitch black falling dream  
>suddenly vision sort of peels away (best way to describe it)  
>I sit upright (awake)  
>refuse to ever sleep near a mirror again

I have mirrors in my house but refuse to have a mirror in my bedroom purely because of things like this.

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## [122]

This just happened to me a week ago too...

>Be sleeping  
>In dream now  
>Chilling in my room doing insignificant stuff  
>Ipod makes notification sound  
>Pick it up to see what ruckus is about  
>slide the thing to unlock it  
>Enter in the password  
>And then... Out of nowhere...  
>DEAFENINGSCREAMING.JPG

Oh dear god!

>wakes up instantaneously  
>Can't move  
>Still hear screaming  
>Lasts for about 10 seconds  
>sit up in bed and stay there for at least 10 minutes wondering just what happened

It sounds like sleep paralysis to me... It never happened to me before, though...

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## [123]

>walking down a quiet road in barefeet  
>massive explosions and cities burning behind me  
>somewhere in the country  
>everything's vanished, just a long stretch of road  
>see an old house with a woman sitting on the porch  
>she calls me over and takes me into her house  
>there are dead stuffed rabbits everywhere around her house  
>go out the back  
>giant cage filled with dead rabbits hanging upside down and live ones hopping around  
>she takes me back to her porch  
>makes me a cup of tea  
>the tea cup is filled with worms  
>I look down at her legs  
>her legs are goat legs  
>wtf no  
>everything goes white and our skin starts melting  
>wake up

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## [124]

A lot of wolves.

>I drempt I was in my grandmothers car traveling down a 4 lane highway in Texas near where I lived as a child.  
>On either side of the road there barbed wire fences and lambs being chased by giant wolves.  
>Some were being torn to shreds and others were trying to escape getting tangled in the wire, bleeding everywhere.  
>Some wolves would jump over the fence and run across the road and jump to the other side

>Wolves and sheep and blood and nobody seemed to care but me. And I would try to hide my eyes but I could see through my hands

Probably had this dream when I was 10 or something and it's still the most vivid nightmare and I remember everything.

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## [125]

Mine is of me falling from the starless night sky into a black ocean. Like.. You can see out of it, but not back in. Like tinted windows. It's like the moment I hit the water, I am going in slow motion. It doesn't feel like water, though, more like I am floating in the air still, although I know I am under water. It feels like there are shadows.. All around me. Watching me. Laughing at me. Smirking in the darkness.

It's such a pleasant dream.

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## [126]

>see friend who died recently  
>tell him he's not supposed to be here because he's dead  
>he grabs me by the shoulders  
>starts screaming "YOU MUST RESET"  
>wake up screaming and sweating.

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## [127]

This is a dream I had. I was in my family room, with my family. We

were listening to one of the old radios. And suddenly the music changed, very creepy and tense, like something was waiting to happen. And then from out of no where my sister tumbles down the stairs! Over the radio a very eerie high pitched voice said "you fell broken well" I run up stairs and in the hall way, there's a dummy standing there. Looking at me with dead eyes, mouth wide open. And then it faded and I woke up. It was scary, and that happened when I was about 7.

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## [128]

>be 6 or 7  
>have nightmares almost every night  
>can never wake up normally from nightmares  
>develop "pause" method to stop them  
>whenever I realized I was in a nightmare, I would shout "Pause!" and a generic vidya would appear, at which point I could wake up

>suddenly be 16  
>having weird dream  
>get that feel that it's about to turn into nightmare  
>shout "Pause!" like I always do  
>instead of waking up, I decide to chill for a minute because nothing can touch me  
>something grabs my shoulder  
>before I can turn around, it screams into my ear  
>NOPE.tiff  
>never use pause method ever again

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## [129]

>Be having dream

>Walking around my house, holding an mp3 player and headphones  
>It disappears out of my hand  
>I get the feeling that something is in my head, screwing with me in my dreams  
>Leave my room and stare down hallway  
>Look down hallway  
>dark silhouette of a boy leaves my room  
>I wake up  
>NOPE

Later, my friend told me that while he was driving late at night he saw a silhouette of a boy in his backseat, it fit the description of the one I saw.

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## [130]

Not really a nope but still

>Be a kid around 7-8  
>one night have a nightmare of my family driving down my street (I live on top of hill) in a strom  
>the brakes don't work we crash into a pole, car totally destroyed, the pole falls on me trapping me and I can't breath  
>wake up all sweaty and can't breath  
>fall asleep again, have the same dream over and over and keep waking up not being able to breath, notice someone walking in the rain, can't make them out  
>last time I had the dream, I saw the preson, a family friend, walking up the street in the rain, (she used to babysit me), car crashes again but this time she walks over and holds out her hand to pull me from the wreckage, I wake up able to breath  
>the next day after the dreams raining heavily, mum comes and tells me that the family friend died last night

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## [131]

This dream I had. This faceless black Grecian statue of Athena. It moved closer to whereever you were at slowly from far away. It always moved backwards, and you'd never know when it would get there.

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## [132]

I had a dream that I was in a field of flowers that were 'whiter than white'.

I'm not really sure what I mean by that, but that's the way I remember perceiving them.

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## **[In response to the above.]**

I've had a dream like that. Just chillin in a field of flowers. It was pretty peaceful and still haunts me to this day.

They were like light flowers or something.

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## [133]

Had a recurring dream about sleep paralysis...

I tried to yell and scream for help but I couldn't and a demon was holding me down... I couldn't see it or feel it, just knew it was

there by how afraid I was... I have dreams like this about once a month since I was babby... so scary and uncomfortable... I know they are dreams though but still... hate it.

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## [134]

There was this one time I woke out of a dead sleep freaking out. I literally went from horizontal and in REM to vertical and holding a baseball bat in about a second flat (keep one next to my bed; you never know). I was in a total panic. Even the walls weren't safe. I didn't remember anything. Not going to sleep, not dreaming, nothing. Saw the clock, it was 4:40 or so, I knew the last time I'd been awake was around 2:00. Not so much a dream, but god, I have never been that terrified before in my life.

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## [135]

- > Fell asleep right around midnight
- > Have a dream that it's midnight and I'm on an old friends street
- > See man walk out to mailbox
- > Van pulls up next to him, two men pull him in
- > Cuts to a tiled room, the man's hands around bound to the ceiling on long chains
- > He is tortured by some unseen man for what felt like six hours in real time
- > Only thing I can see is the mans face and glimpses of his torso which is streaked with blood
- > His face contorts in pain and he's screaming for ages and ages
- > The room goes dark and I wake up at 6:30 in the morning
- > Cry to myself for a good 10-15 minutes
- > Next night
- > Only thing I can see through the entire dream is a misty field, a scarecrow with crows on it, and a dead body close to the

scarecrow

- >Occaisonally the birds fly down and peck at the body, then fly back up
- >Lasts for hours
- >Somehow know its the man from the night before

Still haunted till this day.

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## [136]

Posted this one a few times, it takes the cake compared to all of my other dreams

- >at home
- >hear incredibly deep trumpets
- >run outside
- >see a giant machine that looks like a giant tiki head floating through the sky
- >it opens its mouth mechanically
- >bugs begin to fly out of it
- >the bugs begin to descend and consume the trees' leaves
- >run inside and peer out window
- >bugs that have feasted begin to land on the street in front of my house
- >bugs come together and transform into a bunch of old, stoic, skinny men
- >they are dressed like doctors, mailmen, and judges
- >they are all carrying newborn infants
- >they begin to walk up and down my street, the babies' umbilical cords dragging on the ground behind them
- >they go up to each door and test the lock, they enter some houses and lights begin to flash inside
- >I sit at my door holding it closed because lock is broken
- >old doctor man with baby is outside my door twisting the handle
- >become so panicked that I slip and hands come off the door
- >door begins to open

I woke up screaming and sweating buckets as soon as the door began to open. One of the scariest dreams I've ever had.

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## [137]

Mom told me a messed up dream.

She says...

- >Walk outside
- >Sky is orange and smell of death is in the air
- >Look to the left and sees people looking at the sky
- >One lady looks at me and says "The Black Star is coming from the west"
- >People start to melt
- >They take form of hellish humanoids
- >She sees a giant black thing with tentacles in the sky
- >Wakes up
- >Looks outside
- >The sky is orange
- >Freaks out for two seconds
- >Calms down when it's dawn

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## [138]

I had a dream last night where I was at a county fair or something with friends and they took me into this big abandoned warehouse that had a whole bunch of antiques in it. There were also different rooms, kind of like an office that struck me as something from the '40s, but it felt older, somehow. There were paintings everywhere of the same girl, all exactly the same image of her face, though as I saw more of them, they progressively got scarier and more

twisted.

My dad, again, found me in there and yelled at me; he was so mad, he was red in the face. Now, my dad never gets mad; he's only yelled at me a handful of times in my entire life, so I knew something was up. I asked him and all he said was that was a bad place; that I shouldn't go there because I could get hurt, even though the warehouse wasn't run down in the least bit. There were lots of rumors about it being haunted, which was why my friends and I went there, but my dad doesn't believe in anything like that; he's a hardcore realist, so it was really odd to me (even in a dream) that he would be so scared of a place.

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### **[In response to the above.]**

I could swear I've had that exact same dream, a long time ago.

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### **[139]**

>be last year  
>been practicing astral projection  
>drifting off to sleep  
>wake up in sleep paralysis, holy god this is weird.  
>I don't like it  
>try to move  
>cant move  
>all of sudden shadow darts across ceiling  
>WTF!  
>I'm freaking out  
>trying hard to wake up  
>cant wake up  
>now multiple shadows darting across ceiling and now standing beside my bed and hovering over my paralyzed body.

>I think demons  
>a voice in my mind confirms with a "yeeeeessssssss"  
>nope nope nope nope.  
>Trying to scream.  
>shadows everywhere now, hissing.  
>pass out from fear.  
>wake up  
>fully mobile, drenched in sweat.  
>glad to be alive.  
>I now sleep with a nite light.

the lesson: don't screw around with things you don't understand.

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## [140]

>be about a year ago  
>dreaming  
>in my dream I was in a room with no roof and it was open  
>rain was falling in  
>very dark  
>room looked like my room but with no furniture  
>floating things like papers and bottles were out and about  
>flying tv in the middle, I was sitting on the floor looking at it  
>it was doing static  
>get up and walk to a door where my computer desk should be  
>opens door  
>nothing  
>vast empty darkness black nothingness  
>door falls into nothingness  
>I for some reason freak out and run to where my door to the main room is but this door just led me to a hallway  
>forward was more darkness  
>other door was to where my bathroom should be  
>enter bathroom door on my left freaking out  
>just like my bathroom  
>look into mirror and see myself but it was not myself

>It was me but it didn't feel like me.  
>corner of eye spot girl  
>long black hair and white dress  
>turned to look but it just went black  
>blackness went away and was looking in mirror  
>girl looking at me where I should be in mirror  
>wake up...  
>whatthe.jpg  
>no covers and I was on the opposite side of the bed with my head facing the door and it was about 1:00 in the morning  
>didn't sleep the rest of the night.

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## [141]

I have the reoccurring dream of walking with a large crowd of people, all heading in the same direction. The people are all emotionless, don't respond, and look directly forward. I don't know how I got in the crowd and have the almost confident feeling we're all heading towards hell. If I try to turn and run, when I refocus, everyone is now heading in the direction I tried to escape to. There is no escape until I wake up, often into another dream.

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## [142]

So many on here about dreams, I guess I'll add my completely mundane but still scary dream story.

>Mother, brother and I staying at uncles house  
>Mother reads adventure stories to us until we fall asleep just like at home  
>dream of being a young adventurer in a village  
>slay monsters, fight evil, rescue maidens, all that

>grow too old to adventure anymore (no arrow to the knee)  
>live as elder in village teaching the young  
>wake up... where am I?  
>I'm not an old man?  
>Confused literally for 2 hours, can remember the names of any of my family members  
>They all look familiar and I feel like I should know them but am completely at a loss for who they are  
>act that awkward way you act at a party when you can't remember someones name with my closest family members all morning  
>everyone is asking me if I am ok  
>eventually I snap back into reality

I very nearly went insane from a dream. Still one of the strangest and yet still normal things that has ever happened to me.

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## [143]

My story aint as much nope as it is... forget.jpg.

>Be 4ish  
    >Start having nightmares that to this day I still have no memory of.  
        >Wake up crying to the point of hysterics, start walking towards my door  
            >Everything is tinted blue, like the moon is lazer beaming my house  
                >Parents come down to my room, see me walking out my door (No I'm not giving you a get on the floor, dinosaur joke)  
                    >I remember nothing, just what I can only describe as pure insanity eating away at me while I slept.

Next one:

>8ish  
>Living in a camper now with my mom, divorce and all.  
>Go to bed, kinda scared since it's new surroundings  
>Have another insanity nightmare  
>After what seems like eternity in dreamland wake up,  
mother looking at me with a terrified expression.  
>Says she had been trying to wake me for 10 minutes,  
I just kept crying.

I only remember these two, there may have been others but I have no memory of them or what they were about, even though I remember the nightmares I had at that age perfectly.

I have a single memory of those hell nightmares: white line, thread, blue gray scape, and total madness. Every time I would wake up feeling like something had drained my body, like if I stopped walking when I woke I would die. Even to this day I remember the feeling, it's not like having temporary paralysis from being ill or something like that, just everything felt... wrong in me.

Sorry, not NOPE, but thought it might be interesting.

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**[144]**

>Be about twenty minutes ago  
>hear the sound of water moving, like a small creek  
>see what appears to be a twisted version of my apartment  
>>Sky lit red outside, laughter like that of a young girl  
>Suddenly back in my bed, hear heavy footsteps coming up the

stairs

>Reach for my gun, point it at stairs

>Wake up, bolt upright and grab gun before I realize it was all a dream

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## [145]

>Sleeping, had a dream about me and my girlfriend talking.

>girlfriend asks me "Hey, do you wanna sleep?"

>ask "Where?"

>She says "In the bed of the woman outside the window."

>Suddenly wake up, 5AM

>Go to room without windows and wait until morning

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## [146]

>be like 3-4

>camping trip with mom, her bf and my newly wed uncle and aunt

>aunt and uncle rented a small two story cabin

>small hallway and stairs that lead to the second floor

>another door in the small hallway leads to the first floor

>mom and her boyfriend leave me with my aunt and for some reason go into the first floor

>playing jenga with aunt and uncle then eventually just play with the jenga pieces like blocks

>then my aunt and uncle leave me, one at a time to go to the first floor

>eventually just playing with the jenga pieces by myself, the silence is killing me with curiosity to go down there

>eventually grab a flashlight and go open the door

>there is a bed in the middle of the room with a rotting corpse and bugs of every kind crawling and or flying around

>noped back up the stairs then  
laid down on the couch  
>my mom came back up to check on me  
>apparently sometime around when my aunt stopped playing  
jenga with me, my body had fallen asleep so she laid me out on  
the couch and covered me with a blanket.  
>I wanted to see the first floor room and it was instead just a  
kitchen with a full bar on the left and a door to a laundry room in  
the back.

But my dream pictured the same laundry room door position that  
the first floor had without ever seeing it before.

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## [147]

>be 16  
>sleeping  
>dreaming I am in my classroom, and I am doing school things  
>put on my headphones to listen to music while working, which I  
did all of the time (the kind that cover your ears, not the earbuds)  
>All of the sudden, there was a quiet, but high pitched noise  
>the noise of ears ringing  
>it started off quiet, but got REALLY loud  
>so loud that in my dream (and in real life) I ripped off my  
headphones  
>woke up clenching my ears really tight, and had my eyes closed  
really tight, while in the fetal position  
>sat there for a good 5 minutes before I let go  
>no thunderstorm, no nothing, share room with my bro and he  
was sound asleep

It was intense.

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## [148]

>experimenting with lucid dreams 2 night before vacation  
>in dream, see a tall, straight-black haired girl with blue eyes wearing a blue dress. For some reason I imagine her name to be Ashley.

>>2 days later, arrive in florida  
>go to the mall  
>see the same girl from the dream trying on a blue dress  
>girls gives me a quick glare and walks back into change room  
>a woman calls out her name  
>Ashley  
>nope.avi.jpg.mkv.mp3

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## [149]

>be napping on living room couch  
>wake up  
>feel sleep paralysis  
>can hear distantly mom's tv show and see light despite eyes being closed  
>happens all the time to me so I decide to do usual breathing exercises to wake myself up  
>can't break out of it this time  
>give up and decide to either wait it out or go back to sleep  
>start feeling so relaxed I forget about paralysis  
>feel cold breeze on ear  
>assume hair moved  
>suddenly whispering in ear  
>think, "Wat"  
>more whispering, slightly louder this time  
>think "What, leave me alone"  
>hear loud, angry whisper with a distinct blowing on the whole left side of my face  
>NOPE

>woke myself up so violently I fell off the couch  
>stay up for the next day and a half with a hat over my ears because

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## [150]

>be asleep  
>be dreaming  
>dream about staying at a motel with a communal bathroom instead of a pool  
>taking a bath in the dream  
>notice that there's an old, dry-brush push broom leaning on the edge of the tub  
>look at the head of it  
>it's sitting in a pool of blood, like someone had tried to clean it up  
>pretty big pool of blood, like someone had hung someone else up and bled them out  
>hear something in the dream, look at door  
>dude in a wife-beater shirt with no face carrying a fire axe standing in the door  
>starts walking slowly towards me, making that weird wet feet on tile floor noise, punctuated by the sound of him dragging the axe head across the floor  
>only then realize that I can hear something hanging by a rope, swaying gently  
>scramble out of the bathtub, run off without clothes, back towards my room  
>make it to door, remember key is with clothes  
>turn around to go and get it  
>wake up to image of axe head swinging at face  
>lay there for a minute  
>realize that I can hear someone walking with wet feet on tile floor  
>recognize the sound of rope creaking as something heavy sways from the end of it

>scraping noise like metal on concrete  
>computer is still on, winamp playing some ambient shoutcast radio station or other  
>nope that thing right off  
>walk around the house, checking all the rooms, doors, and windows  
>nothing out of the ordinary  
>go back to sleep

I didn't sleep well for the rest of the night.

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## [151]

>Be living in old farm house surrounded by cornfields  
>House was old, maybe 30-40 years old when we moved in  
>Owners added extension connected to the garage, long empty hallway with only one window for light, one corner leading to extra bedroom and basement  
>scared of that hallway because I'm 9 and dumb  
>Never go down it just in case  
>Have nightmare one night. Starts with a tapping at my window.  
>get up and slowly walk to the hallway  
>open the door, I see something standing just outside the ray of moonlight coming in through the window  
>can't move, feel hot wet warmth across my body like warm water  
>thing steps forward, it looks like a 4 year old's drawing of a person made of flesh, humanoid but wrong in proportions  
>still can't move, thing steps closer now in the dark again  
>wake up screaming with blood pouring out of my nose  
>never enter hallway ever again

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## [152]

>having a dream one night  
>I am in my childhood neighborhood with friends  
>everything is normal  
>suddenly black silhouette figures with their arms outstretched begin appearing  
>always in my peripheral vision  
>they appear and just stand there  
>more and more of them appear  
>surround me  
>nope  
>try to wake up  
>cant  
>they close in and their blank heads are staring  
>vision starts to deteriorate  
>wake up sweaty and out of breath

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## [153]

>I was 5  
>I was sitting in a roller coaster, that was also a giant millipede  
>It was taking me through a dark tunnel that opened up into a giant empty void.  
>There was nothing but darkness that went on forever.

I never had that nightmare again, but the memory of it haunts me. The millipede reminded me of the hungry caterpillar on steroids. All the colors in the dream were reds and oranges.

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## [154]

>Be me, around 10.

>Spending time with mother 'cause brother is in high school and father's working  
>Whole family is orthodox christian.  
>Afternoon, mother's half asleep on the sofa.  
>Take a nap on a couch in the living room.  
>Have a dream.  
>With mother in a big orthodox church.  
>Weird atmosphere, no one's in there.  
>I can hear myself breathing.  
>We're waiting for the priest to come for some reason.  
>Time passes, no one comes.  
>At the altar, see floating figure of woman.  
>She's dressed in black, floating, can't see her feet.  
>Mother says not to be scared, she's a saint.  
>She tells us that the priest will give us something and we must take it.  
>Hear door opening, turn around, priest is coming in.  
>Turn back around, floating woman is gone.  
>Priest is walking towards me, holding something in his hand.  
>Wake up.  
>Few second pass, mother wakes up.  
>Starts staring at me.  
>Dead silence.  
>Few more second pass, she asks if I took what the priest was going to give me.  
>I start crying

We spoke about that after a couple of years had passed. She described to me having exactly the same dream as I had (without me describing it first). We never spoke of it again. It still raises hair on my neck when I think about it.

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## [155]

Lately I've been starting dreams while still awake it seems, like I'm not fully asleep and I can just get up and go to the bathroom

and then lie back down and resume dreaming, kinda hard to explain exactly.

For the most part it has been imagery or mundane things. A few days ago I had a jump scare while still in that state that took me entirely out of the dream and made do that exasperated shocked noise.

Nothing particularly special just got off of an elevator and into what looked like a trashed office lobby with some of the room poorly lit. I always carry a flashlight IRL so it wasn't weird for me to have one on me, so I panned the room for signs of anything, didn't see anything so I kinda eased up a bit, took a step forward, looked to my right a little bit and then something flew at my face.

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## [156]

This actually happened to me

>Inb4 paranormal I have sleep paralysis complete with audio hallucination

>Having dream, wake up in my own bed. Very very vivid dream.

>See orange glow in hallway.

>Get out of bed, go look.

>A girl who looks a lot like samara from the ring is sitting in the hallway looking at me. Her eyes are orange.

>I float off the ground and fly back to my bed.

>I wake up for real, sleep paralyzed.

>Orange glow fills my vision behind closed eyes.

>Hear slow shuffling around the corner along the carpet.

>SHuffling on carpet meets clumping barefeet on hardwood of my bedroom.

>Gets to the foot of my bed

>Feel pressure of a hand near my feet.

>Feel the bed react as though someone is now crawling up my bed toward my face.

>Move arm, break paralysis, eyes open, nothing there.

Statistically waking sleep paralysis with hallucination should happen to everyone at least once in a lifetime.

Sleep well guys.

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## [157]

The absolute scariest dream that I had was when I first started experimenting with lucid dreaming...

Here's how it went.

- >Be in dream world
- >Realizing I am sleeping
- >Dream get extremely lucid
- >Freak out and wake up
- >Walk out of bed to get a drink
- >Take a step down the stairs and fall into them and am surrounded by nothing but darkness
- >thousands of whispers telling me different things
- >finally shock myself awake
- >step out of bed and rub my eyes
- >pace around my room for a while nervously
- >lean on desk and fall through it
- >This time I get stuck in the desk and can't move or breathe
- >Shock myself awake
- >Lay in bed this time for about 5 minutes
- >See glow resonating in front of me
- >reach out to touch it
- >Shock myself awake
- >This time for good

That was what got me so interested in the paranormal/occult. I have never had my view of the world turned upside-down as

much as that day.

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## [158]

- >Dream begins with me waking up in my bed
- >Notice that everything is absolutely silent
- >No ambient noise of any kind, world is completely devoid of sound
- >Go downstairs to kitchen, knowing something is wrong
- >See basement door
- >It is closed; want to leave it that way, but am inexplicably compelled to open it
- >Open it, see pile of mutilated bodies at bottom on stairwell
- >Look closer, realize they are mimes
- >Pile of dismembered mimes at bottom of stairs, feel heart sink to bottom of stomach
- >Close-up of smiling mime in the pile, eyes open, blood trickling from corner of mouth
- >Wake up for real

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## [159]

- >Still awake, lying on my side on top of the blankets cause midsummer
- >Fall asleep
- >I'm in the exact same position I was in while awake
- >Can't move
- >Suddenly moving
- >The blanket is moving, oh no, BEING PULLED towards the side of the bed I can't see, with me on top of it
- >Almost at the edge of the bed when  
nope.exe
- >Wake up with an audible "What the hell"

>Stay up for the next two hours on mah phone  
>Don't look towards the side of the bed I was being pulled towards because of paranoia  
>I'm glad I couldn't move in the dream

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## [160]

>be 3-5  
>I'm inside a circle room with a receptionist and waiting room  
>red paint walls  
>two stairwells  
>left goes up  
>right goes down  
>see parents going down stairs  
>run after  
>new circle room with red walls  
>door on left and right sides  
>follow parents into right door  
>same set up as last room but stairs going down  
>follow parents down again  
>room with door on left and right  
>can't find parents  
>go through left door  
>room with bed and tv  
>parents aren't there  
>turn around to leave room  
>door disappears  
>turn back  
>dude in suit appears and says something  
>wake up

I can't remember what the dude said but I've remembered the dream all these years.

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## [161]

The scariest one I can remember having.

>it was me and some other guy  
>in an asylum of some sort  
>it's really dark  
>me and him escape the room we were in  
>explore the place all the while doctors are chasing us  
>they had needles  
I don't remember exactly but I think something was wrong with their faces  
>after a while my friend in the dream loses an arm  
>what  
>he picks it up and we keep exploring  
>we find the exit and the dream ended with my friend collapsing into a pile of bodyparts and blood  
>I leave  
>woke up sweating

It made no sense at all.

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## [162]

>Be sick out of my mind  
>Lay in bed, unable to really move  
>Eyes get heavier, finally close  
>I hear a deep voice echoing in my head saying "There's only one spot open. Would you like this one?"  
>See a large, blue house. I've never seen it before, but I instantly understood it was close to my house  
>Think "okay..."  
>Feel my entire body cramp up, feel like I'm being lifted off my bed  
>"No, I want to go back! I want to go back!"

>Wake up, still screaming I want to go back.

One of the strangest things that has ever happened to me.

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## [163]

I had this nightmare back when my understanding and acceptance of the 'darker' side was undeveloped.

It's raining and I walk into this building, it kind of looks like a small office block. I'm walking up flights of stairs to try and find a way out, and to also explore. I walk into this room which is pure red, with satanic imagery covering the walls, with hook chains hanging from the ceiling. Scared, I run out of the room and keep on going up and down stairs yet it goes in a continuous loop; it leads back to that same room. There was no obvious way out, and that's all I remember really...

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## [164]

Here's my first dream:

>in my grandmother's basement

>it's very dark

>obviously night time

>dressed as a catholic priest

>there's a small table in front if me with about a dozen candles on it

>the table is in a small pool of water

>under that in the pool is also a young girl

>performing exorcism

>speaking a language I don't know and moving the cross over the

candles slowly

>the candles light up blue as the cross passes over them  
>suddenly they all light up blue and the flame goes super high  
>I fall backwards  
>girl in the pool screams  
>contorted face  
>I run up the stairs  
>fast forward to me and my grandmother on the couch  
>talking  
>still night  
>sometimes I still feel her sitting on the couch  
>what  
>look at the ceiling near the door  
>bird cage hanging  
>dead baby inside  
>wake up

I guess it doesn't sound too bad but seeing all that really messed with me. I was only 12 at the time. It was a long time ago.

Second dream:

>sitting in living room with dad  
>talking  
>hear a loud growling/yell come from my room  
>go to check it out immediately  
>it's my grandmother  
>she's standing over a pile of dead bodies  
>my brother, dad's girlfriend and her 2 kids are in the pile  
>she's looking at me all crazy  
>knife in her hand  
>she comes close and tries to bring the knife down on me  
>I try to block it and end up getting stabbed in the arm  
>pulled it out, actually hurt  
>I stabbed her about 7 times in the stomach  
>she fell down  
>thank god this is over  
>wait  
>she freaking got back up

>I ran out  
>my dad somehow locked her out of the house  
>we called the cops  
>mfw the FBI shows up with her severed head moments later  
>they took me to a room to question me  
>told them it wasn't over  
>mfw I'm right and I hear the same yell/growl from the beginning of the dream  
>then I woke up

This one screwed me up so much because of what I had to do to my grandmother. And also seeing her severed head freaked me out. She's such a nice person and we were pretty close at the time. I didn't understand why my mind put me in that situation.

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## [165]

My mother chasing me through a colossal church/monastery and her mouth has been stitched shut with wide terrifying eyes. I can't really describe the eyes but they're bloodshot and watery, sort of like a fish. All the while she's screaming but its muffled because of her mouth being shut and all.

First had it when I was a small child and for a while I was afraid of my mother. Thinking back on it still makes me shudder which is odd because I have no problems with my mother.

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## [166]

I had an intense one when I was like 8.

>Be in school  
>Field trip to some high school that was never revealed to the

public

- >Step into school, everyone there is essentially a teenage version of horror movie monsters
- >Vampires, werewolves, slime creatures, etc.
- >Think its just some funny costume event and laugh it off
- >Eventually we are splitting up to explore a bit
- >By myself, find a meeting room or something like it
- >Two "vampires" and an undead-looking guy greet me
- >Undead dude's arm falls off, and suddenly there's "blood" everywhere
- >It suddenly dawns on me that its actually blood
- >"Woah, so that means you are actually vampires?"
- >They laugh and suggest I don't go to sleep that night
- >Immediately nope so hard I wake up

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## [167]

I wouldn't call it my worst but I see the same guy in different dreams, he acts and speaks as if he is invading my dreams from another place. He is always in a cloth trench coat and a round top hat. Last one I recall.

- >Be in zombie Apocalypse
- >be with people I've never seen killing zombies
- >run into a police station and board up the doors
- >Round top hat man rounda the corner, the dream slows down to almost completely still besides us
- >"You know you're dreaming right? You don't need to find anything just make it."
- >He smiles and says "see you soon, anon."
- >I commence to blasting zombies with fireballs from my hands
- >wake up

I know the last part sounds silly but thats what happened. I've seen him while I was having an OBE too, more than once. He has been in like 4-5 dreams that I can recall, he always slows the

dreams down and he always gives me advice, sometimes pertaining to real life. Oh, and he only shows up in OBE's or nightmares.

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### **[In response to the above.]**

Ho. Lee. Crap. You're screwing with me. You see him too?

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### **[168]**

The first time I experienced sleep paralysis happened at an extremely inopportune time.

During summer I believe 3-4 years back there were a series of 2 to 7 day long power outages in Northern Virginia. My room had become extremely hot and stuffy after 2 days of no air conditioning, so I decided to sleep on the couch downstairs. I was feeling rather jumpy because a house in the neighborhood had been burglarized the first night of the power outage, so I slept with a hunting knife, and prompted our dogs to sleep in the same room.

A loud thunder clap woke me in the middle of the night, and I swear I heard a rattling noise coming from the front door. I tried to sit up but found that I couldn't move. I was terrified by the fact that the dogs didn't seem to be reacting. After a minute or so of the noise, I heard footsteps headed in my direction. Out of the corner of my eye I saw a shadowy figure creep right by me, walking in an exaggerated "sneaking" gait, and the motion freaked me out. The figure took no notice of me, but began to ascend the stairs. I was completely flipping out because I legitimately thought that someone was going after my sleeping family and I was paralyzed by fear or something.

After I was able to move I crept upstairs with the knife and a flashlight, woke up my parents and sister, and insisted on sweeping the entire house. I read about sleep paralysis some time in the next week and figured out what had happened, but I was hellishly nervous and could barely sleep for that entire week.

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## [169]

Well, there's three recurring dreams I've always had that scare the living crap out of me, two of them I've had since I was a kid, the third started recently.

### Dream 1: The Mine

- > Walking down this old western town, like those small counties near Vegas, everything is kinda ramshackled and deserted, people are always wearing old grey clothes (picture: The Book of Eli).
- > In the dream I walk around town, to no where in particular, and always end up in a mine. Always, in a mine, like in those old Old-West mines from TV.
- > After walking a while the mine starts to turn into a well-constructed structure, like the inside of a pyramid or something. Brown-yellow bricks making up gigantic walls, etc.
- > Eventually the straight path I always walk ends at an collapsed bridge that spans across a deep abyss. Turning back I see a flight of stairs going down at the side of the straight line I was walking.
- > Going down these stairs always take me to a poorly lit room at the bottom.
- > In this room there are two creatures. I'd describe them as lions with humanoid faces. They stare around looking bored and when I talk to them they start to make small talk.
- > When I inquire as to where I am they respond something I never seem to remember.
- > When I try to leave they simply say "You can always find us but

we can never let you leave."

> At this point they flay me alive and I can do nothing but look as they pull my skin out.

> Can't also seem to be able to wake-up when this happens, takes a while for me to finally be able to jump out of bed. Usually my skin is itchy afterwards.

## Dream 2: The Basement

> This dream always starts with me sitting inside a class in my old high-school.

> School is empty.

> Explore for a while.

> Dream always starts as a regular "happy" dream, everything looks normal, and there's all the kinds of crap you can expect in a dream (Floor suddenly turning into a massive trampoline, etc.)

> But eventually, the principal appears and tells me I need to go to the basement.

> All my friends appear and tell me I need to go to the basement.

> They all have dead, black eyes and dead stares.

> At this point I run to the basement just to escape them, even tho I know what will happen.

> Descend stairs into a poorly lit room with one set of metallic double doors in here the color starts to become grayish whereas above the color was normal.

> There's also a long, continuous, sound in the air, as if someone is passing a comb through a gigantic piece of paper.

> I step through the double doors. I see this gigantic room, I can't see the floors or walls because they are always black.

> The only things I can see are rows and rows and rows of aligned shiny metal gourneys with tray loaded with shiny surgical instruments. Similar to a war hospital where multiple doctors are conducting multiple surgeries. The gourneys and the instruments where each aligned into and individual "stations", as if a lot of people could just walk in and start operating on them.

> Separating these "stations", parallel and left to the gourneys, there are large square metal tanks with thick glass right at the middle. Inside there's a opaque grey liquid. Can never see what's inside except for a thin outline of a cadaveric humanoid form. This

goes on with all tanks.

- > The door disappears and I can't leave.
- > At this point I start running around like a maniac trying to escape knowing the things inside the tanks are looking at me.
- > Generally wake up screaming after a while

After a while I learned how to detect these two dreams and started avoiding them (waking up when I see the patterns, etc.) After a while they reduced in frequency and eventually stopped happening.

This last dream isn't very frequent, but I can't avoid it, or am able to wake myself up.

### Dream 3: Room 137

- > Dream "starts" with me walking around the ruined corridors of an old hotel.
- > Color is brown, everything is brownish and grey, as if a massive fire destroyed everything.
- > Charred wooden planks around, destroyed walls, dust everywhere.
- > Doors to all rooms are locked.
- > As I move past the rooms I can hear sounds coming from it.
- > Screams of pain, moans, pleas and sounds of meat being torn or wet sounds.
- > There's also grunts of things that don't appear to be human. Thick voices and mutters, almost animal sounding.
- > Always hear a voice saying/chanting "Taste the Flesh, Maim the Flesh, Walk the Labyrinth."
- > This chant goes on and on and on, always starting very low and then getting louder, the voice is a deep, thick bariotette.
- > The chanting sometimes breaks off and another more unnerving voice speaks "Welcome to our Labyrinth, Come to Room 137".
- > Always feel as if something is watching me, following me, stalking me.
- > No matter how much I walk the corridors never end, there's always a turn or intersections.

- > At this point I'm always aware it's a dream and am actively try to imagine something else with no success.
- > Eventually reach and old cage elevator. Walk through and close the door.
- > As soon as I close the doors I realize it isn't an elevator, it's simply a metal cage suspended by a rusty chain hanging on a black void.
- > The chain is pulled up by something and the cage goes up, eventually stopping in front of another corridor.
- > The door of the cage opens and in front of me, is Room 137.
- > At this point I'm trying to wake up and refuse to leave the cage. It's my dream and I decide what happens, right ? Say this out loud.
- > When I say this everything goes silent for a while.
- > Finally the door explodes open and a booming laugh comes from the darkness inside.
- > The cage rockets back and forth and I fall to the floor.
- > The door to Room 137 closes again and something starts to trash on it from the other side.
- > Frozen because I can't leave the elevator but too afraid to do anything else.
- > Always wake up at this point, but everything I wake up a little later than the last time.
- > Stupidly terrified of this dream

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## [170]

I have a terrible memory but there is one recurring dream I had for YEARS.

- >be a kid
- >love dinosaurs more than anything
- >have a lot of pets because I'm only child
- >in dream all of my pets are on the porch
- >would put them on porch in summer to get sun/fresh air
- >all of a sudden down the road

>dinosaurs everywhere coming for my house  
>panic trying to get all my animals inside  
>can only take them one by one

It was literally one of the worst things because in my dream logic I knew if I could get inside everyone would be safe but any left outside would get eaten.

I had no friends, only pets.

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## [171]

This one is from when I was really young, maybe 5 or 6.

> be at Grandma's house  
> there's this really strange grunting/snoring kind of noise coming from next door's front yard  
> feel intense dread  
> dream switches to 3rd person and I can see this weird hunched over skeletal brown figure with messed up hair, watching me through some hedges

It's the earliest dream I can recall. I remember my Grandma owning this weird wooden carved statue with straw hair in a crouching position, and being terrified of it.

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## [172]

I'm strapped down to a gurney being pushed through the hallways of my old school. It's the middle of the night and only a few of the florescent lights are on and even then they're dim and flickering. I stop and finally I get a good look at who's pushing me. Giant Easter bunnies. They look like guys in bunny suits but their faces

express and they don't seem to have their dexterity hindered like someone in a costume would be. So looking up at them initially I'm not scared.

I feel pretty comfortable about the situation. I'm not enjoying it. I just feel kinda annoyed that I'm there rather than somewhere else. Like James Bond when he's been captured by the bad guy. So we stop and start conversing in some weird eldritch bunny language. They seem to come to an agreement and push me into where the hallway intersects 4 ways.

I'm alone for a second and begin to get uneasy. Then something starts to emerge from the hallway at the foot of the gurney. It's another bunny but not like the others. This bunny is big and deformed and breaths heavy. He's like if Sloth from the Goonies was a bunny. I start to panic and try to break free from the gurney. The giant bunny approaches me while I start to hyper ventilate. He looks down at me and screams the most terrifying scream I ever heard and quickly grabs my chest. His hand is the coldest thing I have ever felt and as soon as he touches me my entire body goes frigid and I wake up.

My blanket had fallen off the bed. I'm completely exposed in my dark cold room.

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## [173]

The scariest dream I ever had was pretty short.

I was in my bedroom, in my bed, under my covers. Oddly, the lights were on. Standing at the edge of my bed was Death. Skeletal hands, black cloak, can't see his face. nothing special.

Thing is, he grabbed my shoulders, pulled me into a sitting position, and said some angry sounding things to me in a language that didn't seem to come from Earth. It was like I owed

Death money or something.

Then he vanished, and I awoke immediately. What made it scary is that I woke up in a sitting position, with my bedroom lights on.

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## [174]

I don't dream very often. By that I mean I can count the number of dreams I remember on both hands, and the number of vivid ones on one hand. It is the vivid ones I'd like to share, and hopefully you can give me some feedback if you wouldn't mind.

Dream 1:

I am in a nondescript cabin in the mountains. I'm from Colorado, so these are common. Notice the color pouring in through the windows is a deep, shadowy red. I exit and find my big brother and his friends sitting in rocking chairs on the porch. They are staring straight out at the end of the world with horrified expressions.

I see someone off in the distance, so I follow a dark red river from the cabin out to the hills. I come upon a person (gender nondescript) whose head is not only devoid of hair, but has been split open and crosses have been planted in it. Blood was dripping all the way around. It asked me if I was ready.

"For what?" I asked.

"For the storm." it replied as it handed me a crossbow.

I knew what to do once I had it. I aimed carefully, not at anything in particular, just in a very specific direction. I fired. All at once, the world exploded into fire and I awoke as a wave of it washed over me and the cabin.

## Dream 2:

This was a shorter one, and a more internal one. I have...an inappropriate amount of anxiety, to say the least, in real life, and I have constant mental struggles with anxious situations, like being caught doing something stupid, etc... so anyway...

I am walking with a girl. She is not attractive, but in my head I know I am trying really hard to get her to like me. I'm not hideous or nothin', but she didn't seem to be interested at all, despite her lack of beauty and slim shape.

I lead us into a sewer (not like Ninja Turtles pullin' up manhole covers and stuff; like the big covered drainage complexes that you can walk upright in). I knew where we were going and why, and she was following me. We reached something of an opening off of the corridor where I couldn't hear the water so loudly anymore, and I looked around and knew it was mine. There was a dirty, piss-stained mattress in the corner with some clothes thrown on it, a desk or something in the other corner, and a few bent up spoons laying around. I dipped into the pile of clothes and grabbed my companion a small bag of heroin, which she quickly paid for and left.

THat's when I looked around and noticed that I was a really horrible person. I didn't appear to have pants on, I was covered in something crusty, and I had a syringe dangling from my left arm as well as another loaded syringe in my right hand. I look up from my worthless existence and notice the girl I had a crush on IRL at the time walking by with her friend, and they were staring at me with disgust and whispering to each other and walking really fast.

There were a lot of feels that went with this; it's hard to explain how deep this one was. I was addicted to meth at the time, so heroin is weird, but whatever.

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## [175]

>Go to sleep while stressed  
>Just a 12 year old on a Sunday night  
>Starting new school next day  
>Dream I'm in my old bedroom where there's a hallway-like closet  
>Thing was massive  
>Lying in old bed "awake"  
>Look into closet knowing something bad is in there as I hear laughing coming from it  
>See little mannequin like doll taring at me  
>It's laughing at me  
>Becomes demonic and louder after a bit  
>It starts to walk slowly towards me  
>Out of no where I flip out  
>Jump out of bed and get on top of the doll  
>rip it apart and turn my closet light on  
>Screaming  
>and wake up

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## [176]

>be 6  
>wake in up in dream  
>all white room  
>laying on a white bed in the far left  
>mom walks in and comes to my bed  
>sits down and kisses me good night  
>leaves  
>everything is still bright and white  
>look under bed  
>clown with huge eyes and creepy smile staring at me  
>says "go to sleep"  
>wake up sweating

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## [177]

>I'm a child again  
>In my childhood bedroom with some friends.  
>One starts acting like a little jerk.  
>I tell him off.  
>He proceeds to mess up my place.  
>In a fit of rage I stab him with a bayonet.  
>WHAT HAVE I DONE?!  
>Grab towels from the bathroom to stop the bleeding.  
>He's bleeding everywhere.  
>Dies despite my efforts.  
>I walk into the living room.  
>Other friends are freaking out.  
>Tell them they are going to help me hide the body.  
>One of the refuses, stab him with the bayonet.  
>Other one runs.  
>I wake up disoriented and confused.  
>For a second I am convinced that I murdered two people and the police were coming for me because the last one got away.

Lately my brain has taken liking these types of nightmares.

Another:

This one gets some credit for absolutely freaking me out.

>Drifting off to sleep on couch.  
>Hear the sound of a cabinet door close in my kitchen.  
>Wake up.  
>See the movement of a shadow in my kitchen.  
>Grab gun, lock and load.  
>Shout out 'Show yourself or you will be shot.'  
>Proceed to clear my kitchen.  
>Nothing there.  
>Spend the next hour checking for hidden passages in the

cabinets.

And another:

>I'm dissecting a vine with a scalpel.  
>It's filled with puss.  
>Smells absolutely awful.  
>I taste it for some reason.  
>Wake up dry heaving.

I have no idea at this point why my brain chooses to haunt me with this kind of stuff. I can't see any imagery that would even remotely resemble any coherent from any of these nightmares.

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## [178]

>be at school, parents dropping me off  
>suddenly experience a sudden burst of terror  
>run back to my parents car, tell them something is wrong  
>both have sad looks on their faces, tell me I have to go  
>turn back around, see a huge (8 foot) clown walking through the sea of children  
>don't even wait for that, run away into the nearest neighborhood  
>pick a house, open it and run upstairs to hide in closet  
>I already know the clown is in the house, but I'm petrified and cannot move an inch  
>clown rips open door, I scream and wake up

This was a recurring dream I had when I was 6-8. The locations would usually be different but the clown never was.

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## [179]

>sitting in bed  
>look at clock, it's around 4 in the morning  
>look over and see my guitar amp and guitar  
>feel uncontrollable urge to fill the house with some metal  
>turn it on and start shredding  
>volume all the way up  
>wonder why no one has started yelling at me to turn it down  
>don't care, keep playing  
>sitting on bed with guitar  
>suddenly hear weeping  
>feel a hand on my shoulder  
>turn around and see  
>the skin is leathery and sloughing off, one eye is popped out and hanging, jaw is unhinged  
>"Can you please turn that down? You're going to wake me up..."

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## [180]

When I was little, for some reason I had this fear that I was going to lose my mom. One night I had a dream that I was lost in this rusted out industrial hell like something out of silent hill, searching for her.

The structure I was in was entirely metal, with flaky red rust covering everything. Every footstep echoed forever and I just went on, walking through the empty halls. I never did find her, I became increasingly frantic until I was completely panicked and screaming for her. I eventually woke up and the first thing I did is find my mom and give her a hug.

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## [181]

>Underground

>no light, just a compartment underground, kind of like hollowing out a space in the ground in Minecraft and plugging it up  
>a perfect little box underground  
>a small pit to the side of me  
>a large pile of skulls in front of me  
>they all have home addresses engraved on them, and when I read them I'd hear a voice that wasn't my own in my head read them out  
>I pick one up, don't remember the number or street name, but the town was "Hillwood, New Jersey" (don't know if that's a real place, never bothered looking it up)  
>I toss the skull into the pit  
>start tossing all the skulls into the pit  
>as I'm doing this I'm hearing echoes of every sound I make, like a horror movie  
>which doesn't make sense considering the chamber I'm in is way too small to make echoes  
>the voice reading the addresses still isn't my own  
>then for no reason I realize I'm sending people to hell  
>each skull I tossed into the pit was another soul in hell

I still don't really know the significance or meaning of it, though I'd love to hear your interpretations.

### **[There is indeed a Hillwood, Jackson, New Jersey]**

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### **[182]**

My dreams are often blurred and hardly lucid, and most of them I quickly forget. However, one particularly short dream I had was one where I was crouched down in a field of dead crops, with the reddest sky you can imagine. It was entirely flat, devoid of trees or anything except crops, and then these... things. They looked like the dementors of Harry Potter except they lacked arms.

I had this strange feeling, when in the dream, that they were not

thinking beings, kind of like automatons, and that I had to remain hidden. One was very close and I could see them all facing the same direction as me and slowly and eerily floating onward.

I don't remember what came before it but I got the feeling of "This is it, this is the final result," as if whatever happened before that was an astounding turn of events.

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### [183]

The scariest dream I've had was when I was 6 or something.

I was lying in bed and I turned my head to look down our really long hallway, I saw a man dressed all in black with a ball and chain around his leg walking towards my bedroom. He was hunched and it freaked me out at the time, and it got worse because my mum came out of her room next to mine looking really pale and really tall and skinny. She had claw like fingers and she lifted her head and shrieked while she charged into my room and pulled my stomach out of my body and threw me against the wall, then I could see a face peering over at me from the top of my bunk beds.

I woke up and after that, I always thought I could see the old man walking towards me down the hallway.

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### [184]

Most terrifying dream was actually a night of off and on sleep paralysis. I was staying at my aunt's place, and her mother in law lived with them. Mother in law was an old bat of a lady that was sweet to your face but could get nasty behind your back.

Anyway, woke up lying in bed paralyzed, and saw the old bat going to the restroom. She shuffled out after a few minutes of standing in there with the lights out, but she came out breathing awfully heavy and raspy. Now, instead of shuffling back to her room, she slowly turns and starts moving slowly into my room, still breathing in that raspy way.

Then, out of nowhere, she quickly shuts the door and just stands there. Raspy breathing from somewhere in the pitch black room. By now I'm beyond terrified, but something compels me to crawl out of bed and attempt to touch her. My movements are very sluggish, but I make my way slowly toward a faint silhouette that has abruptly stopped breathing. I reach out and touch her face, dead silent and dead still, and she immediately and violently slams me into the bed and I fall through it, into darkness and eventually some rather pleasant and colorful dreams.

I woke up in the morning still in a paralyzed state, with this intense and sinking dread that something very wrong was about to happen. Not wanting a repeat of earlier in the night, I calmed myself down and let the paralysis wear off. Went about my day normally after eventually climbing out of bed, except I kept eyeing the old demon lady. She's so innocent to my face, but I still wonder...

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## [185]

I dreamt I was at a festival and suddenly had a miscarriage of sorts. I didn't even know I was pregnant, nor was it possible. The EMTs came and pee tested me twice for pregnancy. When I came up positive, I was still bleeding, so they aborted the fetus right then and there. It was half human and half devil (so I thought at first.) They DNA tested it and found that it was half cat, and explained that someone had been drugging me and using my womb for genetic engineering without my knowledge. It was so emotionally intense and realistic that I screamed and cried the

whole time.

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## [186]

- >standing in field filled with sunflowers
- >suddenly a huge explosion
- >ground collapses
- >eaten by robotic worm
- >feel burning sensation
- >pass out
- >wake up in street like pic related
- >the street is closing in on me
- >forced to go down an even smaller street
- >see gate
- >wake up



What does it mean?

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**[188]**

>I'm deep below ground, in a bleak military/industrial facility. The walls are gigantic slabs of grey concrete, rustey metal pipes snake along them at odd intervals. I can see areas where cracks and chipping is starting to appear, otherwise the walls are entirely smooth.

>I'm about five feet away from one wall, which stretches off in both directions much further than the caged red bulb above the

sliding metal door can illuminate.

>The door sits on a stoop of the same grey concrete, about four feet wide and long, about five inches higher than the waist high water that I am standing in.

>Only the dim flicker of tiny console lights can be seen through the small wired glass window set in the door.

>I am wearing a harness around my chest and hips, securing me to a long braided steel line running down from the ceiling, though how long I cannot say. I am wearing thick overalls and rubber waders, though the water's icy chill still penetrates my bones.

>In my hand is a long pole, topped by a spiked billhook, like what a logger would use on a logjam.

>Another man is standing there with me, his name is Sanchez, I think (the details elude me). He is wearing the same attire, carrying a similar tool. Like me, he is terrified.

>Wordlessly we both wade out into the darkness, away from the light. As our eyes adjust to the darkness we realize that we are not alone...sort of.

>Amidst the myriad pipes of all manner shape and size float bodies. Young and old, male and female, the only thing they all have in common is their shaved heads and emaciated forms, like death camp victims.

>Some unseen current, or just randomly drifting in the inky water, has caused them to "clump up" in tangled masses around some of the pipes. We know what our hooks are for.

>Sanchez and I know we have to disperse these macabre colonies, else the pipes will freeze over and crack, and that could be disastrous.

>Sanchez and I are the only two living things in this level, and we know it. Somewhere in my mind (in the dream) I know we are in The Coolers.

>Have no idea of the purpose or function of my job, or the pipes, any more than I have an explanation for the scores of dead shells I can see around me in the dim red light. Though I can remember distinctly feeling grateful for the light providing only bare illumination, as it kept me from seeing the vast space of the Coolers and its thousands upon thousands of dead inhabitants.

>We start working our way outwards, making sure to keep in sight of one another. Though I have no love for Sanchez, and he none for me, we share a camaraderie of necessity. If we were alone in this death vault, either of us, we would surely go insane.

>I can barely control my muscles, though I know it's more than the numbing cold that makes me feel weak. As a consequence I take my time with each body, gently nudging it loose from under a brass or rusted iron pipe, wincing when I pierce its soggy flesh or hear the creak of its rubbery bones as I am forced to pry it loose from the embrace of another body.

>Sanchez has no patience for this, though he doesn't say it. The way he clubs and spears and drags the bodies away from one another, kicking them loose and booting them roughly from between the pipes is enough to speak his frustrations.

>I begin to notice two things, and my tired body and numb mind are both panicking, trying to give equal attention to each fact and succeeding at neither completely.

>One. Sanchez isn't just getting frustrated, he's getting hostile. The more this, combined with my second realization, become apparent, the slower I work. The slower I work, the more aggressive and frantic he becomes, doing damage to our lifeless flock that he needn't to complete his dreaded task. Subconsciously, my cold white fingers tighten their grip on my poleaxe, ready for I know not what.

>Two. In the dream it has been several hours since our shift began, though we do not recall what came before the shift nor what we do when we're not here. But in the shift, we've developed a rhythm, a signature as clear as day in this all encompassing darkness.

>I drag myself listlessly from one cluster of bodies to the next, my dreary stride sloshing through the water with a recognizable gait. Sanchez moves with determination, speed, even purpose. He sounds like a horse trying to charge at full tilt through a swimming pool, while I move like a lazy crocodile through the murk.

>Besides the occasional bead of perspiration plinking into the murky water after a long, lonely drop from the unseen ceiling, our watery footfalls are the only noises to be heard, as it has been for what seem millennia now.

>But somewhere, I can hear an almost imperceptible disturbance in the waters around us.

>At first I think it's just me, like I think Sanchez's increasingly violent mood is all my fault. But I realize quickly that the phantom echo of some unseen presence disturbing the calm waters is as much to blame as I.

>Sanchez stumbles in a deep part of the water, his foot catching on a submerged pipe, or perhaps a waterlogged corpse that had long since lost its buoyancy.

>He panics, thrashing madly about to regain his balance, though this is unnecessary as our harnesses and lines keep us above the water level at all times.

>Hurling curses and insults at no one in particular he begins swinging his tool at the dead that float nearby, and I wince at each sickening smack as I feel the icy spray of the cold water his my face.

>I am conflicted, unable to move. I can't speak, it seems a desecration to break the silence of this tomb. I can't turn back and leave him, it is not even a question. I cannot plod forward, for in the dull reaches of my memory I know by the configuration of the nearest pipes that we are reaching the deeper parts of the Coolers, where the floor is so far below our feet that we must use our poles to propel ourselves along, like boatless Charon piloting through Styx. I know I could do it if I needed to, but it is time consuming, and I hate the way the harness pulls against me as it raises me up above the water.

>Sanchez turns to me, blind fury in his eyes, I know he doesn't really blame me for the strange sounds, he is just as terrified as I am. But he needs something human to rail against, something that isn't just a mysterious sound in our dark watery tomb-prison.

>He jerks his head away as we both hear it. A splash. More of a slap really, like an open palm colliding with the surface of the water. He spits more curses at me, winding back to swing his hook at me with full force.

>I step back, lifting my feet and letting my outstretched polearm push me away from him. Simultaneously his harness jerks, pulling him back and causing his swing to go wide, missing me entirely.

>>Just barely beyond our limited field of vision, we hear the soft, wet smack of wood meeting something organic, pulpy and waterlogged.

>Sanchez screams, trying to run against the pull of the water, his harness straining behind him like an impatient mother, holding onto a child eager to cross a busy street.

>Slowly, purposefully, I turn and face the dim speck of light above the door. I didn't realize we came this far, so far to go before I'm away from the horrid screaming as Sanchez begs any who will listen for clemency.

>I move at my usual pace, knowing that to strain against the

water will only tire my cold limbs further, and give me no real speed for the bargain.

>Sanchez's thrashing and howling is becoming quieter as I get further away, not just from the distance but from what I can only guess are gulps of cold icy water.

>I can see the door clearly before the last echo of his mournful cries disappear into darkness, and near total silence. Only my sloshing stride remains to break the peace of the tomb.

>I reach the door, but my harness only lets me approach to the very edge of the stoop, not even close enough to place a foot upon it.

>I lean against my poleaxe and stare at it, knowing I have nothing else to do, and no one to judge me for lack of creativity in my final moments.

>Around me, more sloshing begins, first far away, but growing quickly closer. I wonder to myself why they didn't like Sanchez, they both apparently enjoy struggling to jog in almost chest high waters. Maybe had he not whacked one with a pike they would have gotten along.

>My heart jumps through my chest when suddenly the red light above the door, once throbbing dully like a faintly glowing heart suddenly comes alive, glowing bright red and flashing in time with the cacophonous roar of a blaring klaxon siren.

>I barely have enough time to wonder when the door bursts open, standing in it's frame is short, pudgy man, his white hair balding like a monk's tonsure.

>He wears a dark suit, with a tie, and glasses. He stares at me, or maybe past me, in mute horror, pointing and screaming "In here! They're in here!" before dodging out of site, only to be replaced by two soldiers. Their rifles flash, the echoes of their bullets deafening in the underground emptiness of the Coolers.

>Suddenly figures are surging past me, their colorless flesh given hue only by the still-glaring red siren light. In seconds they overpower the soldiers, tearing at them with bear hands and biting with tombstone like teeth jutting from swollen gums.

>Though I only see their backs, it is all I need to confirm my suspicion. Something has roused my quiet flock to anger, and they are running amok upon our mysterious keepers.

>I am too shocked, cold, and in utter disbelief to be frightened.

>Though one or two of the gaunt figures brush past me as they flood through the tiny door, none of them pay much heed to me.

>I feel a prickle along my spine, and I slowly turn my head.

>Walking slowly from the darkness encroaching upon the flickering border cast by the red light, one of them is quietly approaching me. Not the door, not frantically like her kin. Purposefully, with intent, unerring she saunters toward me.

>Her body is too skeletal thin to leave any doubt that she might be alive. I can count each of her ribs, and her elbows and knees are swollen in a way that seems like it would make locomotion difficult, though she isn't struggling to make headway.

>Her eye sockets are empty, though her face holds an eerie intelligence.

>Her lank hair is plastered to her scalp, once upon a time it might have been dark blonde, or light auburn.

>Still staring over one shoulder, I cannot bear to turn to face her. I cannot move to turn away. I cannot shut my eyes. All I manage to do is let my numb fingers give up the fight and drop my pole into the water.

>As she draws closer, one of her arms begins to raise about

level with my shoulder.

That's when I woke up, right as she was about to touch me.

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## [189]

>Dream I'm a middle-aged man (which I'm not), stuck in a haunted place with my daughter (doesn't exist in reality)  
>Be looking for food, avoiding shadow monsters  
>Pretty normal nightmare so far  
>Suddenly something is approaching, I take my daughter and run  
>Then look at myself and scream  
>"\*my name\* wake up!!! It's coming for us! Hurry! It's here HURRY!"  
>Shadow monster in front of me, grabs my hand  
>Wake up in bed, panting, scared as hell  
>Hand is completely numb

So I calm down, turn on the lights and think it's just because my hand was going numb that I had this nightmare. I check, it's not a false awakening. It goes back to normal fast enough. I feel a little scared though so I take a glass of water from the shelf and walk to my window, trying to forget. I look outside and see that some girls are looking at me from another window. Think they're just being bored, put the empty glass of water in the sink and go back to sleep.

>Morning  
>Get up  
>The glass is in the shelf, not in the sink  
>Remember I wasn't wearing my glasses so I could NOT have seen those girls from the window  
>nopenopenope weirdest fake awakening ever

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## [190]

>be 4-6 years old, can't really remember, maybe 8.  
>mom's working at a hospital or something at night  
>sleeping in bed with my dad because I was always a little nervous about the dark  
>wake up middle of the night hear what sounds like drums or plates being smashed and horns in the kitchen  
>wake dad up, he says he hears it too  
>goes to the kitchen, never comes back  
>too scared to scream so I go back to sleep  
>wake up and dad's asleep next to me in the morning

Now I'm sort of traumatized about things moving in the dark. Like when a parent visits me or a friend stays over and I'm woken up in the dark when they're just getting a cup of water or going to the bathroom or something. I ask what they're doing and if they don't respond immediately I yell out REALLY loudly.

Dad died when I was 10. I have a really bad nightmare.

>talking with mom at house  
>it's night time  
>ask her where dad is  
>"Oh, he's sleeping in our room, he's had a long day at work."  
(dad was a construction worker)  
>go to room  
>we had a little hallway leading to their door  
>door was closed, open it  
>door is slammed shut  
>start screaming at the top of my lungs "MOM MOM MOM MOM  
MOM"  
>door opens  
>see figure standing up slowly on the bed  
>hear loud cracking noises like bones setting continuously  
that's about it I think. Of course, fever dreams where I wake up

and hallucinate get me pretty good.

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## [191]

In the dead of night I'm walking along beside an old softball field I used to play in as a child. To my left was the field, to my right was a white picket fence. Behind the fence was an abnormally consistent row of pine trees. In my perspective they lined up perfectly, each picket having an associated pine tree.

I walk faster alongside this fence, hoping to see a break in the pattern. This continues on for some time until a black helicopter rises from above the tree line, nearly blinding me with a spotlight. A few moments later, it explodes with a bright purple explosion. End of dream. It was ongoing for at least five years before I finally stopped having that dream.

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## [192]

I had this same nightmare for months when I was a kid:

The dream takes place on a huge area devided into two regions. In the first region, all the humans on earth lived, very crowded. Both regions were devided by a very clear border, which all people were told not to cross, because just beyond that border, a huge, old, dark and gloomy garden lay.

In the middle of the garden, there was a very old large house made of wood. In this house, three witches lived. They had made a deal with all humans to not touch them if they just stayed beyond the border.

One day my friends and I played a game to see who would dear to

go the longest beyond the border. (These witches were fast as hell, so you could only tap your foot beyond the border and they would come rushing). Of course I had to be stupid enough to go across the border with like 2 meters. And suddenly I get snapped by a witch. They rush me back into their house, and sacrifice/eat me.

And I woke up. I had this dream for years. I have been scared of old people and witches ever since.

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### [193]

>I'm in my hometown, but it feels off  
>I keep trying to get places but constantly end up going too far or end up somewhere that isn't familiar  
>Whilst traveling I see people and their duplicates standing together, but not perfect copies or faceless  
>Suddenly in the woods, in a cabin shaped wooden frame covered in fine mesh  
>Large rabid dogs circle around the outside, and being to pull away the corners of the mesh  
>No one seems to care except me who tries to block the holes  
>Now I'm at a street market in a car park  
>My mum goes to cross the road and is hit by a car, 7 or 8 emergency service vehicles show up instantly  
>I continue to the street market  
>I squeeze into a gap between a car full of asian women selling and cooking sweets and a metal van  
>I pick a sweet up off the floor, the woman in the car grabs it and pops it in the glove box to warm it up for me  
>I leave and head up to a row of metal sinks with a metal wall in front of them and begin to pick soggy pasta out of the water in the sink  
>Looking over at the guy next to me  
>He give me a thumbs up gesture and says "it's the only way that they know the clocks have stopped"

>Suddenly I realize that sign means wake up, I've seen it on clocks throughout the dream which had no hands

>I can't wake up

>Place my fingers inside my cheeks and pull until my cheeks begin to tear whilst people clap and he congratulates me

Woke up in a cold sweat and instantly wrote down every detail I could remember. Never experimented with lucid dreaming or anything. Not so sure I want to now either.

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## [194]

When I was like 7:

>standing on a street in a nice, lively city

>in front of a green building

>I see myself from an odd perspective, like third person in a game

>I enter the building

>suddenly I am back in first-person mode again

>I am standing inside a corridor

>everything is black and white

>I go down and enter a room

>stairs and dirty fridge in the room

>I open the fridge and it's full of flies and undefined food

>I pick up a greasy/bloody paper from inside which GROWS A FACE AND SCREAMS AT ME

>run terrified up the stairs

This is the part that still makes me shiver when I think of it even though it doesn't sound too scary.

>the room at the top is like a hospital room but it's as dirty as the rest of the house

>filthy old bed on my left, with skeletons in various positions forming a circle around it

>a decrepit old man kneels in front of the right wall, trying to chip it or possibly carve something into it with a chisel  
>wake up screaming

I still remember all these details even though it was so long ago, that's how much it terrified me. Still don't know why.

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## [195]

>wake up in fancy hotel room  
>shirtless in bed, look down and see something on my chest  
>pull it off  
>much resistance  
>it's a big, hairy caterpillar-like thing with the mouth of a lamprey  
>it was attached to my skin by its mouth  
>scream in shock, throw it on the floor  
>realize I'm covered in the things  
>start yanking them off, there's always more  
>make my way out of the room, there's thousands of bugs in the carpet and on the walls  
>wake up, and even now, still occasionally feel them, swear I've even seen them briefly

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## [196]

>outside big building  
>walk inside two hallways  
>one to the left and one to the right  
>I always go left for some reason  
>always end up in room surrounded by what appears to be mental patients but they are all cannibals and freak me out because when they try to speak it's just mumbled gurgling and spit everywhere

>have same dream for three weeks straight  
>finally I go into right side  
>walk in and there is a janitor doing janitorial things  
>turns out he has a deformed face  
>go out and back into left side  
>lobotomies everywhere  
>find a way up to a staircase  
>go up the stairs  
>all the deformed gurgling patients just stare and follow me around when I walk around the catwalk like area  
>I am stuck in this area forever  
>I can never go down

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## [197]

It starts out with me walking down some docks looking into the black/grey murky water. It's an overcast day and I'm completely alone. Suddenly, bodies descend from the grey clouds on black ropes and slowly approach me. I run into the streets to try and escape them, but the buildings around me have no windows or doors and look like large boxes of rusted, riveted metal. I panic and run to a hole in the street. It's not a manhole; it's quite large and rectangular. The hole leads to a stairwell, decently lit, with wood paneled walls.

As I descended at a rapid pace, I noticed the walls beginning to bulge into heads that screamed and tried to bite me as I ran past them. I reached the bottom of the stairwell and discovered an old wooden door, it's blue paint chipped and cracked with age. I ran through the blue door into a pitch black room. It was strange in that there was absolutely no light although I could distinguish the floor, ceiling, and four walls. As I stood there, I heard an extremely deep, muted rumbling crescendo from all around.

I then woke up.

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## [198]

I was walking along a path lined with bare trees. Everything was shades of white and grey. I get to one tree, and I see a fly come out of a hollow in the trunk. I look closely.

Reach out. A branch falls and crumbles like the whole tree was made of ash. Leaves pale white on my finger tips. I look up at the tree again, and there's a body still half covered. There's no breeze, no sound. Just a chill running down my spine when I turn back on the path I'd been walking, and I realize that every tree I passed had people inside. All twisted to fit along the branches and the trunks.

That dream messed me up.

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## [199]

Back when I was ten I had my first and only sleepwalking experience.

I was at my country house and something picked me up in the middle of the night, it carried me outside and set me down on this stone that's in front of our house. It was at the top of hill overlooking beautiful landscape. The sun was coming up and I felt myself very, very slowly fade out of sleep until I woke up standing on the stone, the sun was out and it was a beautiful day.

What was weird was that I remember just walking back to bed without wondering why I was outside standing up. I just went back to bed. I woke up a little while later and thought "what the heck?"

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## [200]

The dream was me in my childhood house clearly disturbed by something and trying desperately to get out. Scary part was it was like there was heaps of ghosts everywhere grabbing my limbs and dragging me back so I couldn't get out. Every time I made ground towards the door I would have one of my limbs grabbed by something invisible and I would be dragged back a little bit.

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## [201]

I was in some kind of ice cream parlor. Windows from floor to ceiling. I was sitting and talking with someone, and I look over their shoulder at the sky outside. It was spring, beautiful out. Flowers in the plum trees.

Then the sky gets dark. Gray clouds move in. And the sun gets brighter. My heart starts pounding and I see angry red and orange lines tear through the sun. Then there's a roar rushing through the room breaking the windows. People start screaming, and I close my eyes a slip second after everything gets dark. I woke up terrified. I had died in the dream.

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## [202]

>There's a living room area with a lot of people, it's some sort of gathering  
>There's a hallway with a lot of doors  
>We open the first door and there's a bunch of kids  
>Brother say's "this room is full of kids"

>I go check the next room and it's full of kids as well, and I say "this room is full of kids"  
>This happens about 5 more times and my brother goes to check the last one  
>He says "There's no kids in here"  
>As I'm walking to the door he opens the closet and say "Wait, there is a kid in here"  
>I walk over and look in the closet  
>There's a pale toddler with white eyes standing among a bunch of clutter looking at me  
>I scream that's not a kid  
>I hear a scream coming from the living area  
>I run faster than I've ever ran down the hallway then wake up

I have no clue what the dream was about, but all of my dreams are pretty bizarre. I also always wake up right after some freaky stuff pops off or if I get the feeling something scary is about to happen.

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## [203]

>be in some type of trailer  
>there's a person trying to get in through the front door  
>I see him outside and he's just standing in front of the door  
>I try to speak but my throat is filled with bread and when I speak, colored liquid spews out of my mouth  
>look around and the man is gone  
>turn back into trailer and see my grandmother  
>"You know, you do this all the time. You always say things like that."  
>respond in some weird type of sad groan  
>wake up

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## [204]

I used to have these dreams when I was about 7, they were like episodes or something, they'd continue on from when I woke up the last time, and they had endings and beginnings.

So, my parents had died, and I had to live with some imaginary 'Auntie' up in this mountain village thing. She was actually a demon or something, and she was trying to curse all the souls of the village. I'd have to try and stop her. I failed about 95% of the time. The dream-episode would always end when I pissed her off.

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## [205]

>Outside my old house.  
>In an exact replica of my backyard.  
>First person view being in another creature's body.  
>Never get to see what I am, but for some reason I feel like I'm sort of wolf bipedal creature.  
>Walks up to the back of my house.  
>Reaches to open door.  
>Wake up  
>"Oh now what? What's going on?"  
>Look around.  
>Nothing out of the ordinary.  
>Sleep, putting covers over my body because it was awkwardly cold in my room.  
>Close my eyes.  
>Immediately after, a breath is felt heavily against the covers towards my neck, as if it was a snort from that of a snout.  
>Throw covers off, looking around the room in panic.  
>The door to the back of my house is open, bringing in frigid air.

That one. That one still gives me the shivers.

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## [206]

I've had all of three nightmares ever but the most recent one's the scariest by far.

>After a bunch of pleasant dream stuff, find myself outside  
>Big ruined fort/town in front of me, full moon and all  
>Take a single step  
>Suddenly get a bunch of images thrown up in my face  
>People getting dragged off by/near ghosts w/ guard uniforms  
>Blank-eyed kids and broken down cars  
>Suddenly find myself in this ruined shop  
>Bunch of broken boxes/toys on shelves  
>Go into back room, totally bare except for a stool and a doll  
>Doll's half broken, eye hanging out  
>Starts saying something along the lines of "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, your world is doomed"

I woke up right after that all freaked out and I hear from the foot of my bed this sibilant death rattle out of nowhere. Didn't go back to sleep for a solid hour or two.

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## [207]

Just had a regular dream in an unknown house. (I can't even remember the parts before it got messed up). Suddenly I was crouching underneath a mirror and then I realized I hate mirrors, but I wanted to watch what will happen. So I kneeled up very slow and slowly saw my face appearing in the mirror. But my face wasn't the same. It deformed while I was watching. My eyes rolled back into my skull and my face kind off 'melted' away in the mirror.. My girlfriend shook me awake because I was making a loud noise...

It was about 6 am. when she woke me up. Went to sleep again and it happened again. But in my grandma's house. The moment I saw myself in the reflection of the TV, the TV fell off and broke and I (or someone else, can't recall that) spawned out of the television in front of me... at that point I was shocked awake.

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## [208]

>be 6ish  
>be observer, taking no part in the dream  
>see a close up of ants walking into a hill  
>high pitch screaming almost mosquito noise slowly reaching crescendo  
>right before crescendo dream starts from beginning  
> ants and noise repeating over and over and over again  
>feels like hours of this 4 second clip  
>wake up, dream repeats almost every night for years.  
nothing inherently scary about it, but the repetition started getting to me, the noise would never reach whatever note it was I was waiting for the ants would never completely make it in the hole.

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## [209]

A really weird note, when I was about 8, I would have a nightmare every other night, exactly. I even kept track, and it followed the schedule perfectly.

>be about 13  
>fall asleep  
>In my dream, I'm on the computer just looking at the desktop or something  
>Screen goes black

>A feminine robotic voice says: "Now removing: feet, legs, toes"  
>Shows a picture of my body  
>Body parts disappearing  
>Implied that something is cutting off my body parts  
>I then wake up

That was one of the only dreams I remember from my childhood.

I would also get sleep paralysis, but it wasn't bad, I would get it right before I woke up for the morning, and would just struggle to move for a minute or so.

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## [210]

One of the only spooky experiences in my life.

>I'm about 6 or 7 years old  
>in Maryland on vacation  
>one day, me, my uncle, my mother and sister went on a ferry to cross the Chesapeake  
>exactly what we did this for I can't remember  
>we get off the ferry and start traveling down the coast  
>ALL of the coastal shops have signs written in Chinese  
>there were no Chinese people anywhere  
>There were no people around period, just us walking down the sidewalk  
>My uncle starts speaking to me in gibberish  
>I start to hear water running  
>I can hear my sister's voice over the sound of running water  
>"Open your eyes Anon, we're taking a picture!"  
>allofmywut  
>I tell her that my eyes are open  
>I open them up wider, to the point of straining  
>I keep hearing her telling me to open my eyes  
>Everything goes black  
>I open my eyes and it turns out we're on the ferry returning to

the hotel

>I was laying face down on a bench being rocked by the boat  
>I was in a complete daze, my uncle gave me some french fries when I got up  
>I ask my mom what happened  
>"You went to sleep as soon as we left the hotel room."  
>I don't remember falling asleep at any point during the trip  
>I was wide awake and excited for it  
>"If I went to sleep, why did you carry me to the boat?"  
>Everything goes black once again  
>I wake up in bed at the hotel  
>My mother, uncle, and sister walk into the hotel room  
>I ask where they went  
>They boarded a ferry to cross the Chesapeake  
>They didn't wake me because they thought I wouldn't like it  
>They brought back Chinese  
>My sister shows me a polaroid picture the three of them had taken while they were walking along the beach  
>Turns out I was asleep for about 18 hours, no one said anything about it, or thought to wake me up

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## [211]

>wake up in an abandoned mansion  
>start looking around  
>fog outside the window, can't see  
>I go in a room to check it out  
>I see a creepy looking mannequin wearing a mask and a long ruined white dress  
>pass out  
>wake up again in a different room  
>mannequin is right behind me  
>in front of me, I see a door  
>go in, enter a room with two horned wooden idols and a large window  
>see a book in a pedestal

>start reading it  
>hear loud groaning  
>whole place starts shaking  
>got out of there, I notice that the mannequin is gone from the room I woke up in  
>leave through the front door  
>look back at the mansion  
>see the mannequin looking through a tower window staring at me  
>walk towards the fog  
>hear a man screaming in the distance  
>I change my direction and run away  
>stop after awhile to catch my breath  
>keep walking  
>see a figure in the distance, keep walking  
>it's the mannequin, staring into the distance  
>it turns its head to me  
>stares at me  
>I pass out  
>I wake up, too scared to go back to sleep

I've been having this nightmare for a week now. It's messing with my sleep. The only changes in the dream is me waking up in different room in the mansion, instead of screaming I instead of screaming I hear a faint chanting, or I sometimes see a forest in the distance when I'm outside. Has anyone else ever had the same nightmare for a long time?

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## [212]

>find myself in a some kind of labyrinth made of river stones  
>the place is al foggy, can't see beyond 2 or 3 meters  
>try to past by jumping the wals, but I can't, something stops me  
>walk in this labyrinth, reache the center  
>there is this broken tower, made of the same kind of stones  
>enter and see this faceless guy wearing black, sitting in the

middle of the place, holding a lit candle  
>near the door is a red, rusty sledghammer  
>pick it up and hit the guy in the head  
>blink and suddenly I am in the ground, bleeding and the guy is standing there, holding the hammer  
>wake up when the guy double taps  
>always wake up tasting blood

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## [213]

>be sleeping  
>have a very vivid dream  
>walking in old childhood friends backyard  
>we used to play there all the time, spent maybe half my childhood there  
>it's really dark can only make out silhouettes of his swingset and stuff  
>suddenly get knocked over, face hurts a lot  
>figure opens the sliding glass door of the house and approaches me  
>walks towards me, can't make out his face  
>gets darker  
>figure gets in my face, still can't see his features  
>wake up, both nostrils bleeding profusely  
>feel lightheaded from blood loss

I've never really had a dream that seemed real like that one.

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## [214]

>be a child around 2 or 3  
>the only way to access my room is through a large day room, pretty isolated from the rest of the house

>for 8 years, never had any other nightmares besides this one  
>always at night, and my house was in a forest  
>there would always be a scenario where I'd have to cross the day room to get to my bedroom  
>day room becomes an ancient, endless graveyard, and is extremely windy  
>only way to get across is on an old bridge  
>wind was so powerful, it made it nearly impossible to cross  
>even if I was able to cross it or not, I'd go downstair right afterwards  
>the doorbell would ring  
>then I'd wake up  
>tfw I still get this nightmare occasionally

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## [215]

>be 24 on deployment in Afghanistan  
>long day of patrol to new outpost  
>get to forward operating base, nowhere to sleep  
>combat engineers tell us they have a small tent with 6 beds, real mattresses, they don't use it  
>no one wanted to leave the platoon so lieutenant makes 6 junior enlisted go.  
>secretly winning, haven't slept in a real bed in 5 months  
>walk in, weird drawing of skulls and Alice in Wonderland on wall  
> lights out  
>lucid dream a big dude standing in tent doorway, all I see is silhouette, oppressive feeling overcomes me, don't sleep all night  
>after patrol next day, one guy says he didn't sleep all night, felt someone watching him  
>another guy mentioned to me he saw a big guy watching us from door  
>all 6 of us had same lucid dream  
>Nope  
>ask around with engineers, tent isn't used because it was a prisoner of war tent that some Taliban were killed in, some

engineers had same experience

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## [216]

- >Be me when I was 6
- >Waking up from a dream (don't remember)
- >Need to take a piss
- >Notice strange about bathroom light (our bathroom light atm was white, but then it was orange. Idk.)
- >Enter bathroom
- >See an old fat and ugly woman wearing an all black gown
- >She begins to scream at me, making her look uglier
- >Freeze in place
- >Suddenly wake up (Just a dream whew)
- >Turn to my left
- >SHE IS RIGHT THERE
- >Wake up again
- >This never happened again

Is there such a thing as chained dreams, /x/?

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## [217]

- >Asleep last night.
- >Weird dream segments like having weird rocket boot things like the mecha suits from G.I. Joe
- >Save people from car crashes and crises and ect.
- >It fades to black randomly
- >Cuts over to me sleeping at grandmother's house with family
- >IRL, my Grandfather died leaving my Grandmother a widower
- >Wake up on the couch and decide to turn on tv
- >Flipping through channels till...
- >Country music on a Comcast "MC music choice" channel

>"Weird, don't usually listen to country"  
>All of a sudden the TV turns to static  
>See Grandfather's face on TV  
>"Gooooood booooy Anoooooon...."  
>His eyes are staring directly through me, completely white  
>I wake up with the static-y image of his mangled face burned  
into my eyes as I wake up.

Uhhh... So holy crap. This just happened last night.

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## [218]

>Be me, 18 at that time  
>Long illness, mom dies  
>The day her corpse is in the casket in our living room (That is  
the tradition in my country), friends and family are there to say  
goodbye  
>Night comes and I am tired of the nights and days in the  
hospital  
>Brother is equally messed up and people say to go and have  
some sleep  
>Crawl to my room  
>I slept in a second out of exhaustion  
>Then I dream about mom coming in the dark to the side of my  
bed  
>She holds my arm and says things that I can't remember  
>Out of nothing she starts to drag me saying to go with her  
>"You should come with me... you, no other"  
>I fall from bed and she keeps pulling me as I try to resist holding  
my nails to the ground  
>my breath is going out, I feel terrible  
>We fought for something like six or ten minutes  
>Wake up, still dark, I am tired, heavy breathing, scared

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## [219]

>be me, about 12  
>keep having nightmares about some creature  
>never see the creature fully  
>it always just quickly "grabs" around a corner  
>all I remember is a hairy, orange, humanoid hand  
>I always wake up right afterwards, because these dreams start out normally before suddenly turning into this "nightmare"  
    >always the same, pretty much every day but I still couldn't get used to it  
        >about 1 week passes without having this dream  
        >sitting at the breakfast table  
        >just talking to my mother on the other side of the table when I randomly look out the window for 5 seconds  
        >suddenly, the creatures hand grabs around the corner  
        >NOPE  
        >I'm completely stunned for like 10 seconds before my mom asks me whats up  
        >tell her it's nothing, try to stay calm  
        >never have the dream again

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## [220]

It started with me and two other guys standing in a dark concrete room. There were pipes all over, and a small hatch on the ground. One was holding a video camera, the other a flashlight. I pried open the hatch, which I could now see led to a dark, cramped tube with a ladder inside.

The guy with the light tossed a rock in to see how deep it was, and we didn't hear it hit the bottom. He told me that it must be pretty deep, and that this would be a good video. I got the feeling that we were doing this for Halloween or something. Anyway, I took a radio from the camera guy and started climbing down. It

was pitch black, and I was really creeped out, so I started doing this weird rapid climbing, and I felt really disoriented until reaching the bottom.

When I looked around, I saw a large, dark room. It was the lobby to some kind of old hospital, with two staircases on either side that led to a platform. The walls were all brick. I don't know why, but I feel like that's important. A sign above the platform said "-100". Somehow, I was 100 floors BELOW ground. Inexplicably, the room was bathed in moonlight, and as my eyes adjusted, I could see the silhouettes of two little girls on the platform, one on each side. I stared at them for a while, and felt extremely uneasy. I started climbing back up the ladder.

Every floor above it was the same as -100, but without the moonlight, they were almost pitch black. From then on, I saw the rooms, but I mostly saw images, one for each floor. On the next one, I saw the twins from the first area in the same spots, only this time on morgue slabs. The one on the right had her eyes focused on me. I wanted out, and I started madly clawing at the ladder, I started having visions, and images of patient abuse and rioting came flying at me in rapid succession. About halfway up my radio came on, and I heard the flashlight guy's voice. He told me that he was waiting for me on a nearby floor, and that I should stop and go to him. I didn't believe it, and kept going. As I neared the top, the images changed from violence and death, to miscarriage and birth defects.

Finally, after several minutes of this, I reached up while climbing and hit something solid. I pushed the hatch off and climbed back into the room from the beginning. The camera and flashlight guys were standing over me asking what happened, but I was too exhausted to answer.

That's when I woke up.

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## [221]

>Wake up in the middle of the night, hearing knocking on the wall

>Of all walls to hear it from, it's the impossible wall. On first floor, other side of wall is outside, no windows, just brick all the way, no balcony or anything

>Go back to sleep, almost a bit too quickly

>In a dark hallway, stretches onwards forever, can't see very far because darkness

>Walk for ages thinking there's a way out at the end

>Look at the walls because nothing else to do while walking that long straight path

>Made from bricks, same as my house

>Keep on walking for ages

>Eventually find a door along wall, looks exactly the same as ones inside my house

>Being asleep, I'm not thinking clearly in this dream. "Maybe there's someone on the other side, I don't want to be rude"

>Knock on door

>Wake up again

>Realise the knocking pattern I did on the door was exactly what I heard from the impossible wall

>Can't go back to sleep because of thoughts

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## [222]

>Walking down the street.

>Look down steep hill with gravel driveway.

>At the bottom is a small overgrown house.

>Sign out front saying it's an oddities museum.

>Sign also says to take a pocketful of salt from the driveway. Confused, but comply.

>Go inside. Fluorescent lighting, display cases everywhere. It's much bigger and nicer than it looked from outside.

>Cases are mostly empty. Some have weird objects inside, like

taxidermied animals or random trinkets.

>Maze-like layout, eventually come to a room with only a seemingly ordinary pacifier in one of the cases.

>Old woman comes in and greets me. Invites me to look around, and tells me everything is for sale.

>Eventually follow her to a room with no lighting, just what little comes through a covered window.

>She takes a small figurine out of a case. It's a red bull with a black belly. Its eyes are bulging, and the front legs are missing, so it's leaning on its chest.

>Old woman says I can take it for twenty grains of salt.

>Reach into pocket and take out a handful. She holds her hand up, smiles, and shakes her head. Says that I have to give her exactly twenty grains.

>Painstakingly pick out the grains and place them in my other hand. Feels like it takes forever.

>She gives me the figurine, tells me it comes "from down south."

>Leave the building. Despite having a hard time navigating earlier, the door is just outside the room.

>On the doorstep, I stop to look at the figurine.

>I feel like I've made a big mistake.

>Wake up.

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## [223]

>few months back

>sleeping on my couch because I spilled some stuff all over my bed a few hours back

>I fall asleep and start dreaming

>lucid dreaming for the first time, really cool

>started to feel uneasy in the dream and woke myself up

>turn to see Back to the Future on the television

>get up to piss

>while in bathroom I get the sensation of being watched

>look out window to my left

>distinctly see a doll propped up to look in the window  
>instant panic  
>child's voice seems to blossom in my skull with no discernible source  
>"It's time"  
>hear my front door open at 3 AM  
>suddenly bolt awake, chest pounding  
>was all a dream  
>hear familiar dialogue  
>my face when Marty is riding a skateboard around town  
>checked the lock on all my doors, front one was unlocked  
>saw I could hear distant sobbing coming from my front yard

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## [224]

>be 9  
>have nightmares  
>parents have no sympathy  
>woke up from one particularly bad nightmare about a dead man under our house  
>bawl my eyes out  
>suddenly someone is humming  
>door still shut, no one is in the room  
>hide under the covers  
>don't tell anyone when I wake up

I still have nightmares, not as often, and when I wake up, I hear that man humming. I sort of got over it, and find it comforting now. Whatever it was, it followed me to my dorm room, where my roommate heard it, and to my current apartment.

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## [225]

>be me, like 14 or 15  
>napping in my mom's bed  
>comfy  
>fall asleep  
>wake up  
>can't move  
>can't speak  
>hear mom  
>she's trying to wake me up  
>try to talk to her but I can't no matter how hard I try  
>eventually fall back asleep  
>go downstairs and ask my mom what she was waking me for  
>turns out she never came into the room while I was in there

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## [226]

>sleeping  
>be in a weird dark place  
>there was a small chapel that seemed to be really old  
>moved closer to it and saw something that looked like a gutter  
>inspected said gutter and found money in there  
>as I turned around a priest came out of the chapel and asked if everything was alright  
>as he saw the money in my hand he said that I should not forget about the lord  
>he went back inside and went back to the gutter and throw 1/10 of the money back in there thinking to myself "1/10 for the lord"  
>as I walked away on a narrow dirt road two nuns came my way  
>they looked like nice old ladies, you know, the grandmother type  
>one of them asked if I wanted to donate some money  
>I heard what she said, but at the same time thought she was actually asking for my soul, like her true intention was transmitted telepathically  
>nope.jpg  
>I declined and as I was just telling them "no," the face of the one asker morphed into this unreal face full of anger and hate and

started to scream at me with this huge mouth with sharp teeth  
>I woke up that moment totally convinced the devil just tried

I want to add that I grew up in a non-religious household and don't particularly believe in the existence of a god.

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## [227]

I have always dreamed a lot and while most of my dreams are nothing special, every once in a while I will have a dream that is very vivid, or very cinematic and fills me with this amazing feeling that can last for days.

Anyway, I recently discovered how horrible it is when that kind of dream comes in the form of a nightmare. Strangely enough I don't actually remember most of the dream, only the end. It started off very movie- like with long scenic shots and a narrator narrating the life of a woman and her family, and I don't remember this part very clearly but I got the sense that she died somehow. Near the end there was a still shot of a painting of the woman sitting in a chair wearing a red dress. The painting was made with primarily red colors, including the background, and had kind of a 1800's style. The shot lingered on this painting, wobbling slightly like someone was actually holding a camera, and after a while I could hear a low groan that got louder and louder and suddenly burst out in a loud shriek.

I jerked awake so hard I actually sprained my ankle. I was 20 years old then, and I cried for the first time in years. Didn't sleep anymore that night.

The next day I was talking to my father and he was telling me how he'd had a really weird dream the night before. I didn't really think much about it but then he mentioned that he always had these kinds of weird dreams when there is a full moon. After that I kept an eye on the moon-phases and the next time there was a

full moon I had a nightmare again. A different theme this time, but it still had the mounting shriek. Sounds that slowly become louder terrify me now. It hasn't happened since, thank god, but I always seem to have these vivid/memorable dreams when there is a full moon.

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## [228]

>be 23  
>normally sleep in my underwear  
>I'm a rock once asleep  
>fall asleep about 15 minutes after laying down and turning off light  
>this day was exhausted from night shift  
>6:21am finally going to bed  
>strip, lay down, felt that falling feeling immediately, light was still on  
>suddenly jump awake  
>I'm in my bedroom wearing jeans and a shirt I don't own  
>notice the bedroom door was open and the light was off  
>dad might have turned off light and forgot door  
>get up to close door  
>hear voices from downstairs  
>must have left the tv on  
>exit bedroom and suddenly am in a blank square room with no doors  
>hear voices like young teenagers talking in same room  
>say "What the hell?"  
>voices stop  
>something interests me in one of the empty corners  
>hear a voice next to me say "I think he's looking for you."  
>move towards corner  
>"I think he's moving closer"  
>start to faintly see a kid next to me and I'm face to face with another  
>the one I'm looking at says something like "yeah right" before

friend cuts him off

>friend panics, screams "He's looking right at you!"

>I say "What is this?"

>suddenly wake up again flailing like I was fighting off something

>light is on, I'm under a blanket, door is closed, am very warm

>take off blanket, I'm fully dressed in the same clothes as dream

>look at clock

>6:21am

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## [229]

Not sure if this was a dream or sleep paralysis.

>wake up in bed to the sound of knocking

>as I adjust, I realize I can't move my head, and can only look up at an angle

>hear the knock again - it's coming from the closet door

>this time it's followed by a muffled female voice: "Hello?"

>not sure what to do

>more knocking, much louder this time

>voice is slightly louder and more drawn out

>"heLLOooOO?"

>work up the nerve and try to answer

>can't speak, only a long rasp comes out

>the knocking continues as I pass out again

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## [230]

>be lil' boy, maybe like 6

>start having dreams of the uncles from the Casper the Friendly Ghost movies

>I was never really afraid of them in the movies, so it's kinda weird that I had nightmares  
>the three ghosts would climb a spiral staircase up to my room and mess with me in my dreams  
>one dream where I was hiding from them on the roof of my house  
>they are waiting on the lawn for me to come down  
>they have already killed my family, their dead bodies are sprawled in front of them  
>stopped having them finally

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## [231]

>wake up scared from nightmare  
>can't remember it, room is dark and I'm looking around to assure myself everything is fine  
>cat is still lying next to me  
>"I'm so glad you're here right now, bud."  
>cat looks at me with strangely empty eyes  
>proceeds to stand up and take a step backwards while locked in eye contact with me  
>cat starts walking backwards away from me while staring at me blankly  
>"oh god what no please"  
>cat walks backwards down off of my bed  
>get up and run to turn on lightswitch  
>hear ringing churchbells in the distance, everything else is deadly quiet  
>lightswitch does not work  
>paint starts peeling from the walls and evaporating  
>NOPE SON  
>run out of room into living room  
>see my mother watching television in living room  
>so glad to see something normal  
>realize television is static and mom has same look the cat had  
>run and lock myself in bathroom

>wake up  
>on bathroom floor  
>scream and lock door

Took me like 3 hours to get the courage to open the bathroom door. Apparently I was sleepwalking and dreaming.

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## [232]

Not sure how to exactly describe it, it was kind of like a nightmare crossed with sleepwalking.

>Be me, 8 years old  
>Sleeping on top bunk bed with 6 year old sister below me  
>Suddenly sit up straight, I can't control my body whatsoever as I make my way down to the bottom of the bunk bed  
>I stare at my sister for what felt like 10 minutes, still unable to move.  
>Forced to go towards the door that leads into the hallway.  
>I open the door and it is just pitch black, no texture on the walls, carpet or anything.  
>I couldn't even see the door to my parents bedroom which was right next to my room.  
>The only thing visible in this empty void was the window directly opposite from my room that faces the garden  
>My body starts to walk towards the window  
>Although I can't see the carpet at all, I can feel it as I'm walking towards the window along with what felt like water up to my ankles.  
>I get to the window and look out  
>Three completely figures are just standing there in a circle with what looked like a dead fox in the middle  
>They all slowly look up to me and the only distinguishable feature are these piercing, completely white eyes  
>One of them raises their arm and begins to wave at me, really slowly

>Not being able to move a muscle at that moment was absolutely terrifying for me  
>One by one, the shadow people walked away, climbed over the fence into my neighbors garden and just vanished  
>One they were gone, light came back to the hallway  
>As soon as I figured out I could move again, I sprinted straight back to my room, climbed under my covers and tried my best to not fall asleep again.

I know it doesn't sound like the most terrifying nightmare in the world but for an 8 year old, it scarred me. What made it worse was that in the morning, my sister asked why I woke her up by running into the room in the middle of the night. I later deduced this as simple sleepwalking, but still.

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## [233]

I have story that makes me nope just thinking about it. It was one of my attempts at lucid dreaming that went terribly, horribly wrong

>sleeping  
>begin to realize I'm dreaming  
>open eyes to see I'm laying in my bed in my room  
>suddenly see about three glowing white faces hovering above me  
>they are all looking down at me with their black eyes and chilling smiles  
>can't move  
>can't do anything but stare as their mouths open and they begin maniacally laughing  
>the faces get closer and the laughing fills my head, bouncing around inside my skull  
>can't take this  
>nope and spin around, burying my face in the bed and placing my pillow over my head

>laughing doesn't go away  
>seems to actually be loud  
>have this terrible feeling of dread, like I'm going to die  
>wake up terrified  
>nope the rest of the night and go back to sleep at 9am

It almost felt like my dream was hijacked by something sadistic.

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## [234]

>fall asleep on couch  
>wake up, go do some random stuff  
>while doing it, I wake up on the couch and realize that was actually a dream  
>go on with my day until I wake up on the couch again  
>seriously freaked out, get a thermometer and check if I'm having a fever dream  
>98.9  
>wake up in the couch  
>I wake up in the couch at least twenty times before I actually wake up from my dream  
>still not entirely convinced that after a year of being awake I'm not just gonna wake up on the couch again

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## [235]

>Be me, 17 years old  
>Began having sleep paralysis almost every night  
>No clue why this was happening, parents didn't seem concerned  
>Wake up one night, can't move, feels like my chest was about to explode  
>In corner of the room, see the shadow of something  
>Start to hear heavy breathing coming from where the shadow is

>Shadow forms into a wretched, horrid looking mutilated woman  
>She starts laughing and coughing  
>She starts to vomit what looks like blood between hysterical laughing  
>She starts to walk towards my bed, with a twisted smile covered in blood  
>My chest feels like I'm being crushed, can't breathe at all  
>She stands over me and I legitimately feels like I'm dying  
>She then says "Hello Anon, my name is Natalie. You're going to be seeing a lot me"  
>Saw a lot of her until I outgrew my frequent Sleep Paralysis

This may seem like a bunch of lies, but I swear on my family's lives, this really happened and it happened often. My parents shrugged it off as dreaming. I told my friends about it and they actually found out all kinds about sleep paralysis on the internet, including the "old hag" type of hallucinations. Scared the crap out of me, because I knew nothing about the "old hag" phenomenon before it actually happened to me.

It scared me so much, that I actually began sleeping with the lights on at 16/17 years old. It didn't help with the sleep paralysis, but seemed to help with the horrifying hallucinations I would get.

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## [236]

A dream messed me up pretty much forever.

I found myself in a strange but very pleasant setting. I began to think I was dead. And I really didn't care much. It was great! No more worries, no more cares. Friendly people. A lot of people who couldn't understand how they got there either. Quite a few of them in uniform.

And then when you are at peace with the Universe and all is good... You wake up. And you are not in that place. I cannot

describe how awful that feeling is.

Now I know how Buffy felt.

Brought it up because years later someone here described the setting PERFECTLY!

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## [237]

>Can't sleep  
>Stay up the next day on willpower alone  
>Manage to sleep for an hour and a half that night.  
>Vivid, surreal night terror wakes me up  
>Feels like I'm even more tired than before I fell asleep  
>Forget that, it's terrifying, I'm not trying to sleep again tonight  
>Stay up through the next day thanks to caffeine  
>Totally exhausted, go to bed about 9:30  
>Can't sleep  
>Start hearing a creepy whispering I can't understand  
>It progresses to a yell, screaming at me to get up  
>Finally get up to see what it wants  
>Jesus, I'm seeing tracers, shadows are morphing, this voice won't shut up.  
>Go outside to smoke a cigarette.  
>My cat comes up to me, jumps in my lap  
>Cat starts reacting to my hallucinations, oh god what is this?

So then I went inside and posted this story on /x/, praying it's coherent because I'm in the midst of sleep deprivation psychosis that my cat can see and hear.

I'm more than a little freaked out right now guys, what should I do?

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**[238]**

I once had a dream about mushrooms growing inside my lungs.

Creepy.

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**[239]**

I had a dream as a kid that I'd been shopping with mum and got lost in a supermarket, when I found her, there were 2 mums. One was shouting "I'm the real one!", and looked angry. The other just smiled and quietly whispered... "I'm the real one."

So I go with the good one, we get home. As soon as the door closes I realise it's some dungeon with wet stone walls and I'm chained to something. Her smiling faces changes to some twisted evil looking mum and she starts sniggering and walking around. I feel the regret at choosing the wrong mum in the supermarket, and what she must be going through... and then I wake up.

It'll stay with me forever.

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**[240]**

The only thing that I could constitute as a nightmare I had recently was this (and it was a couple of months ago now, so it's pretty hazy).

I was in my last neighborhood, my cousin was with me (I haven't seen her since we were kids), a little girl came running terrified to my door yelling for help, but then ran off again almost instantly; somehow I knew she was being chased. We ran out of the house

but couldn't tell which direction she ran. We split up. Things get hazy here. I find her at a house, still terrified; if anything more so. Hazy again, but more of an actual blackout this time.

I wake up in the dream, feeling groggy. My mother is sitting beside me. The look on her face, god it makes my stomach churn, i've never seen a more disturbed look on her face. Her boyfriend is behind her not looking at me; I feel as if he can't bring himself to look at me, something about his body language really puts me off.

My mother puts her hands on my forearm, asks if I'm okay. I nod, and ask what happened, where was the little girl.

My mothers faces breaks into tears, and she says something along the lines of "Dear god Anon, why did you do it? That poor girl. They could only find pieces. What did you do?"

I woke up then. Sweating a little and short of breath.

This still isn't what I would call a nightmare, but it was powerful enough to wake me up, and I can consciously remember waking up, and it's rare for me to remember waking during the night.

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## [241]

>Wake up middle of night when I was very young.  
>Room full of red light.  
>Not as if the light bulbs were replaced, but just a solid full red light everywhere.  
>Try to call mom but can't speak.  
>Get out of bed and try to exit bedroom, but both doors will not open.  
>Still can't speak.  
>No idea what happened next or after I woke up as it's the only memory I have of that point in my life.

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## [242]

I had a dream as a kid that I was in some American 1960's idealic little town (the simulation in Fallout 3 was pretty similar, white panel houses, picket fences) There's people walking about happy and it's a sunny day. There's an Ice-cream van with a fat "Mario" looking guy serving jumpy kids ice-cream while laughing like a santa claus. Birds are chirping and kids are laughing. it's a pretty cheery dream.

Suddenly the people are gone and it's dead silent. The odd bird chirps in the background. I turn to look at the Ice-cream van and it's still there. Fat Mario's just standing there in the van, arms crossed, smiling at me.

So I call out to Mario.. "hello, where is everybody?".. .no response. He just stands there, smiling, he looks kinda creepy, teeth glistening in the sun, but he's my only friend in the world at the minute apparently, so I ignore him and decide to check out one of the houses.

I walk up the garden path, sun on my back, and knock on the red door.. "hello..?". No answer, So I creak the door open and look inside...

There's 5 people standing in this bare room. They're all standing around, about a foot away from the wall and facing the wall. They're leaning into the wall and their shoulders meet the wall. They're headless. And joined to the walls.

So I'm thinking woah, forget this. I run out of the house, left across the lawn and into the next house..

People standing around joined to the walls by their neck.

I've had enough now. Forget this. Nope. I'm waking up. But... I can't wake up. I CAN'T WAKE UP. I'm trying my hardest, slapping myself in the dream, nope. I'm screaming at this point.

So I run outside across the grass. I'm panicking and trying to wake up. Mario! I'd forgot about Fat Mario! I pelts it over to the ice-cream van. Desperate. I'm out of breath. He's standing there, big smile, laughing. I say.. "Hey! Help! How do I wake up!". He looks at me, smiles, and says..... "YOU CAN'T!"

Nope. I woke up nearly crying.

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## [243]

I had this odd dream where about a day in i realised it was a dream. Found out light switches didn't work just lights which is a big sign you're in a dream. It was during my attempts at lucid dreaming. It worked at controlling the dream but it dragged on forever.

After a while the people just started disappearing one by one. They noticed and panicked. My friend found out I was the reason they even existed cause I was getting depressed and looking for a way out. He broke down crying. I blinked and he was gone.

The dream lasted like that for a good while after. My alarm woke me up, but the dream felt like it lasted for a month or so. Its memories didn't fade either, like most dreams. Didn't sleep right for a year afterwards. I kept snapping my eyes open right before I nodded off.

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I used to have dreams like this. Even if they weren't exactly lucid it felt like they went on for lifetimes. They had broad sweeping

plots, with arcs, twists, and crushing tragedies. I quite miss them.

That was back when I was unemployed. Sleeping for as long as I wanted every day. Now that I'm exhausted and sleep deprived from my job I can't remember the last dream I've had. Honestly I think it's been years.

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I don't miss mine. It hurt watching the person I knew best realize they weren't anything.

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## [244]

When I was about four, I had a dream where I had to work in a bar for skeletons. As an innocent joke, I approached some of the skeleton clientele and said; "Boo."

This offended every skeleton in the bar, and they all abruptly got up and walked out until I was alone.

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## [245]

I was standing in a room and it was completely dark. Then, a woman opened the door and started walking towards me. I tried to warn her that I was in the room, but my mouth felt numb and I couldn't talk. So she walked right up to me until she noticed me and jumped back. The look on her face was utter terror. I was still trying to say something, but it was just creepy mumbling.

Scaring her was what scared me.

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## [246]

This is one I have never forgotten.

I was wearing a black cloak in a floating house that was just one big room with a hole in the center there was this old wool doll that started talking to me but I couldn't understand what it was saying. I got angry all of a sudden and started beating it, slamming it against the wall, then throwing down the hole to the ground.

Then other black cloaked people showed up and started fighting me. I would kill a few then I would be killed, but I would just respawn and kill more. This repeated for awhile. When they were all dead I realized each one was me and I was just killing copies of myself.

I then woke up in another dream. I was on a subway with some girl I didn't know sleeping with her head on my shoulder. I looked out the window then at my watch and said "All that has been will be again." A weird eye symbol then appeared on my watch. It was at that time I actually woke up.

Is there some meaning behind this nightmare I am not seeing?

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## [247]

One of the creepiest nightmares I've ever had was when I was a small child. In the dream, my mom is driving us home from her friends house in Florida where we lived, and in the middle of the road with cornfields surrounding us is a blue woman with eight arms.

In front of her is a drum set with eight heads. Every time she hits one, a different color light appears above her, illuminating her. This goes on until she's got a cacophony going and going until it just ends. A single white light appears over her, illuminating her face and features and I wake up, usually crying.

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## [248]

I had one that stuck with me.

>Be 12  
>Wake up one day, decide I want to be an architect  
>start getting into school programs for it, find out both me and my brother have a real knack for it  
>Mid 20's We both decide this is absolutely what we want to do with our lives and go into business together  
>Do a lot of restoration of historical buildings in NY. We finish a huge project, decide to take vacation for my 30th birthday  
>We're walking on the beach chatting, I tell him that I kind of regret throwing all of my time into work and not perusing any kind of love life.  
>Wake up  
>I'm 12 again.  
>18 years of my life was a dream.

I guess it's good I got a mulligan since I had regrets, but at the same time I don't want it to happen again.

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## [249]

This only happens once every few years, but if I'm under an unusually extreme amount of stress there's a recurring nightmare that accompanies it.

It's always in my great-grandparents house. There's no narrative to the dream, at least none that I can interpret in my waking state.

The house is filled with rotting meat that's been too disfigured to identify whether it's humans or something else. There's maggots everywhere but also a wide variety of insects and spiders crawling in and out of the meat. I can't leave the house.

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## [250]

I dreamed about the house I grew up in, it's nighttime in the dream and I must tell you this home was covered in windows and sliding glass doors. In the beginning, the dream feels warm and safe; the curtains are drawn, I am with my family in the well lit living room. We are talking and laughing and having a great time.

Mom pauses and looks at me, "It's time to go take your medicine." I walk into the adjacent kitchen, and reach into the medicine cabinet. I open the lid and take the pill, and something on the bottle catches my eye.

The bottle reads "may cause window stalking"

I drop the bottle and look out into the dark night through the sliding glass door leading out the back of the kitchen. There is a man outside, smiling. He isn't moving, he isn't blinking, just smiling.

I try to scream but I can't. The pill is stuck in my throat. The man just keeps smiling, I haven't seen him move but his smile is somehow bigger... he is somehow standing closer to the door than before. I want to run but I'm frozen in spot. I can't stop looking at him...I can't stop seeing him.

"Mom...." I manage, I feel like I am screaming, but no, the words carry no weight, "Dad....anyone...." I try one more time to muster my voice, "HELP!"

I hear footsteps coming my way, from the corner my eye I see figures rushing my way. It's my mom and my family. The fugue state ends and I am standing there stupefied in front of the sliding glass door, staring out into nothing but darkness on the other side, pills scattered on the floor.

Once I calm down, I try to tell them what happened... tell them about the smiling man on the other side of the door. My dad reaches over and disengages the lock, and slides the door open. I feel my stomach drop, a chill works its way over me. I feel his eyes on me somewhere in the distance as the cold coaxing its way in from outside. "Close the door! He's out there, I am not just making this up, he is still out there"

"Just come back into the living room, we were having such a good night. Forget about it and come join us again."

I return to the living room with my family, seemingly soothed just to leave the kitchen and step away from the windows and sliding glass doors of the kitchen. The living room still has a warm glow about it, and I am happy to be with people. Safety in numbers.

I begin to reengage with my family. We slip back into conversation. I feel so safe and happy, my mood swings back into a pleasant place.

My sister and my mother are seated across from me, I am sitting with my dad on the couch opposite my mother and sister. Their black hair pops against the cream curtains...

I look at my mom, and my sister. I am sitting next to my dad, we are all so happy... and suddenly I can't help but focus on the window behind my mother and sister, behind the couch.

I fix my gaze on the space between the two curtains. Filling the

space between the two creamy curtains, bathed in warm light, there is a dark void filled by the black of the outside night.

Occupying that void is the man with the smile. I can't see his whole face, only a sliver is showing; only a couple rows of his exposed, smiling teeth...and one eye, opened wide and staring right back at me.

I get up from the seat and begin to walk slowly towards the window. I push my way between my mother and my sister, and gain even more traction, closer to the window. I slowly inch closer and closer to the pane of glass.

It's like I am floating towards it, but my movements are slow. His stare through the window intensifies and beckons me closer. The window grows larger and larger as I get closer and closer. The man with the smile is still smiling, somehow bigger than ever. His eye, the one I can see, is still open wide... somehow wider than before. I am caught in his stare.

"What are you doing?!" My dad asks from the couch. I glance back, my mom and my sister are staring dully back at me, mute and immune to the situation at hand.

Turning back towards the window I open the curtains in one, smooth, creamy motion. The smiling man is just outside the window, his hand now placed delicately on the glass. His smile larger than ever. His eyes open wider than ever. He is staring right at me. He leans his forehead onto the glass, never averting his gaze.

Vacantly, I hear my mom behind me: "Honey, there's nothing there."

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I have been having this same dream almost every night for a long time. Any interpretations or insight would be helpful.

I get home from visiting my girlfriend very late at night, and I get out of my truck and begin walking to my front door in the pitch black. Only the light shining through the distorted glass of my front door is visible. I feel extremely unnerved the entire time but I continue to walk towards the only light I can see. Once I get to the door, I open it and head inside, locking it behind me.

As soon as I do this, something slams against the door with enough force to knock a vase and a picture I have sitting on a table near the door into the ground where they both lay shattered. I open the curtain that is covering a window which has a clear view of my doorstep, and I see that standing at my door is a man, about 7 feet tall, with the head of a pig. He is wearing a solid green sweater that I was given by my dad a few years ago that I have seldom worn and some jeans of mine. His body is perfectly square with the door and his head is twisted at an unnatural angle so that he is looking directly at the window I was staring out of.

I rack the slide on my favorite gun (my makarov pistol which just happened to be in my hand for some reason) and head back over to the front door. I fire a few shots directly into the front door but I stop when I realize that no bullet holes are appearing in it. I sit down on my couch and realize that I am covered in blood that I can't seem to wipe off. After frantically searching for the source of it, I realize that it is coming from my feet and flowing slowly up my legs. I try to brush it off but I can't and the more I try the more the blood seems to be coating my entire body. I look up and the man is standing in the corner of the room.

This is when I wake up.

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>my whole family is sitting on a gigantic bed in front of a gigantic door and there's a gigantic clock on the wall  
>ask what we're waiting for  
>"When the clock strikes 12 the giant comes and he kills us."  
>everybody is calm, but I panic  
>they don't care  
>but the giant never came

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## [253]

I've had this one probably half a dozen times, and it completely terrifies me every time.

I always sleep with music playing, by the way.

>loud knock wakes me up  
>music isn't playing; something's off  
>I feel uneasy, like something else is in my room  
>I never move, I just always stay perfectly still calming myself internally  
>>that knock sounded like it could've been outside  
>it never works, I get more and more anxious as time passes  
>still not moving an inch  
>after what seems to be an hour and a half to two hours, three deafening knocks in half a second  
>first is on the door, which is across the room with my feet facing it  
>second is on the closet, slightly closer, but also near my feet  
>third is on my window, which is right above my head  
>wake up for real, music still playing

I always remember the dream when I'm awake, but in the dream I have no recollection of it ever happening before.

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## [254]

My mother chasing me around an impossibly huge church with eyes like a fish and her mouth stitched shut. Terrified me when I was small, and I couldn't look at my mother right for a long time.

That was when I was 5 years old though. No dream has ever been that terrifying since.

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## [255]

I was a galley cook on a cruise liner. Halfway through the trip, people starting disappearing and nobody could figure out why. Eventually we started finding body parts and bloody chunks in dark nooks and crannies, like behind a boiler, for instance.

Eventually, it was just me and a handful of crew left; all the passengers were gone. I was locked in my room, terrified and decided to brush my teeth (dream logic).

I was standing over the sink when blood started pattering the porcelain. I lean down to investigate, and more blood splashes into the drain. I look into the mirror and my entire lower face is covered in blood and the closet behind is holding racks upon racks of the dead passenger's body parts.

I had been feasting on them.

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## [256]

>sleeping

>dreaming begins  
>in a small tunnel  
>I'm crawling  
>I'm following my father and my brother in front of me  
>suddenly my feet got pulled back  
>I look behind  
>it was 12-year old me pulling me back

The 12-year old me looked angry.

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## [257]

I was a child and it involved my bedroom. A very very very dark bedroom.

And something was lurking inside, mocking my voice.

I've been uncomfortable with dark rooms ever since. If I'm going down the hallway, the light has to be on and even then I dash past dark doorways.

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## [258]

One involved me being in a medium-sized white room, but it was cluttered with boxes, making it difficult to move around. The scary part was, I KNEW I wasn't alone. I couldn't see or hear anything, but I just KNEW something was there. I kept trying to get away from what it was, but the cluttered room made it very difficult.

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## [259]

